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THE

SONGS OF SCOTLAND,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

Historical and Critical,

AND

CHARACTERS OF THE LYRIC POETS.

He sang
Old songs, the product of his native hills;
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Opening from land to land an easy way;
By melody and by the charm of verse.

WORDSWORTH.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

AUTHOR OF SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL, TRADITIONAL TALES, ETC.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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SCOTTISH SONGS.

THE BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Of this martial song the poet says, "There is a tradition that 'Hey, tuttie, taitie!' was the march of Robert Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me into a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode fitted to the air, which one might suppose to be the gallant Royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning." By another account, Burns was overtaken by a tremendous storm of mingled lightning and rain among the Galloway mountains, and in the midst of the elemental commotion he conceived and composed the song. It would appear too that the poet was musing on the French Revolution and the war for the independence of Scotland at the same time. A halo, historical and poetical, has been shed over the field of Bannockburn—over the hero who led, and the thirty thousand heroes who conquered: I will attempt no idle illustration of a subject which Barbour, Burns, and Scott have sung. The concluding verse is chiefly borrowed from Blind Harry's Wallace:

A false usurper sinks in every foe,
And Liberty returns with every blow.

A change was afterwards made in the original structure of the verse, so that it might correspond with the air of Lewie Gordon; this encumbered the simple beauty of the fourth line of each stanza.—I have adhered to the first version.

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.

Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'!

Of this exquisite song Burns says little; of the woman in whose praise it was written he says too much. "She is one of the finest women in Scotland, and in fact is in a manner to me what Sterne's Eliza was to him—a mistress, or a friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love. I assure you, that to my lovely friend you are indebted for many of your best songs of mine. Do you think that the sober gin-

horse routine of existence could inspire a man with life, and love, and joy,—could fire him with enthusiasm, or melt him with pathos, equal to the genius of your book? No, no;—whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song—to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs, do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation? I put myself in a regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon." Such is the glowing picture which the poet gives of youth and health, and voluptuous beauty; but let no lady envy the poetical elevation of poor Chloris: her situation in poetry is splendid—her situation in life merits our pity, and perhaps our charity.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been gone a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun awa';
My father brake his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father couldna' work, and my mither couldna' spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna' win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, will ye marry me?

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck,
The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die?
And why do I live to say Wae is me?

My father urged me sair; though my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So I gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

O sair did we greet; and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die;
And why do I live to say Wae is me?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

This exquisite song was written by Lady Ann Lindsay, and appeared before her ladyship was twenty years old. It has been fortunate in the admiration of the world and in the abuse of Mr. Pinkerton. In truth, I imagine the critic condemned it more from an intense spirit of contradiction, than from coldness of heart or infirmity of judgment, for he has sometimes expressed opinions in good taste and right feeling; but all who are charmed with simple grace and happy delicacy will love the song of "Auld Robin Gray." Of the three characters, I love Auld Robin the most: he is a gray-haired and chivalrous old man, and ought to have lived and established a dynasty of Grays. Jamie is indeed a worthy fellow, and is to be commended for his many words and his "ae kiss;" but the unstable element on

which a sailor lives makes him look out for disappointments and changes—quicksands, sunken rocks, sudden tempests, fierce enemies, and faithless loves are part and parcel of his fortunes; they are expected with calmness, and braved or endured when met. Of Jenny I would gladly believe the best, yet she seems something of a schemer; the destruction of her lover's vessel, and the belief that he had perished, I am afraid had some share in overcoming her reluctance: yet who can forget the picture of domestic sorrow which she draws, or fail to lay up in his heart the conclusion of the courtship:

My father urged me sair; though my mother didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break.

Of the noble authoress I am sorry I can say no more than that she is the daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarras, the widow of Andrew Bernard, Esq., Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope, and that her residence is in Berkeley-square. Some years ago the song of "Auld Robin Gray" was claimed as the production of an Irish clergyman. Lady Ann married the son of the bishop of Limerick—I can help Ireland no farther in its claim of authorship.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty
  That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

"A great critic (Aikin) on song says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed to be, I think, two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."—In this manner Burns speaks of this pithy, sarcastic, and manly song. That it re-echoes the sentiments of his own heart there can be little doubt: he believed in the supremacy of genius, and was something of a leveller; and who can blame him? During one year he enjoyed the friendship of the northern nobility, and for seven years he felt their neglect. During his visit to Edin-

burgh, he was caressed as no poet was ever caressed: he expected this sunshine to last, and looked for fortune to follow; but he was not prepared for disappointment, and his fortitude was not equal to his other powers. To go at once from the rich man's wine and a table covered with plate, to water from the well and the homely fare and rustic work of a farmer—to leave my lady's hand for the rough stilts of the plough—were descents beyond his expectation, and far too strong for his spirit:—he sank, and died of a broken heart. This song was preceded by many a "For a' that and a' that," both jacobitical and domestic; but none are worthy of remembrance.

MARY MORISON.

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure
Of lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wiltna gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

"Mary Morison" is one of the best and the earliest of Burns's songs. It is written much in the antique style, and the name of the heroine has a national look and sound which excite an interest worth ten thousand Chlorises and Phyllises, and all the fabulous tribe of Arcadian damsels. That the poet did not think well of it himself, we have his own authority: "I do not think it very remarkable either for its merits or demerits;—it is impossible to be always original, entertaining, and witty."

O MAY, THY MORN.

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember;
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's gude watch o'er them;
And here's to them we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum;
And here's to them we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

This happy and original little lyric was one of many which flowed from the pen of Burns into the Musical Museum. The contrast of the first and last verses is very great, yet very natural. The poet imagines himself warmed with wine, and seated among his companions, to whom he announces, as the glass goes round,

the attractions of his mistress, and his good fortune in her affection. His confidence goes no farther;—the name of his love is not to be told; and for this poetical tyranny there is no remedy.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes of Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang simmer day,
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'rs of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bow'r o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
  Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
  On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
  As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
  Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
  Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
  A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
  Let us journey together,
Where glad Innocence reigns
  'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

This song was written by Robert Tannahill, and its liquid verse and lively images have made it a favourite. It is simple and natural without pastoral affectation, but without much pastoral knowledge. The shepherd's shieling is a bower made of materials far too frail to endure the rattle of a winter storm—it is only a summer residence. It was in a little shieling of turf and heather that I found my friend James Hogg, half way up the hill of Queensberry, with the Lay of the Last Minstrel in his hand, and all his flocks feeding before him; but I should never have looked for him there on a winter night when snows were drifting thick and deep.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang:
I spier'd at neighbour Bauldy Strang,
What are they, these we see?
Quoth he, ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel'
Thinks himsel' cunnin' as the deil,
And here they come awa' to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain to his trade,
Wi' ill-lin'd scull, and back weel clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And papped on his knee:
Quoth he, my goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!
Though ne'er a beauty he had seen
But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsent naig and siller whip;
Cried, Here's my horse, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie him to a tree.
What's gowd to me? I've wealth o' lan'
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'—
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bleth'rin gab,
And speeches wove like ony wab;
O' ilk ane's corn he took a dab,
And a' for a fee;
Accounts he owed through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown
But now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washin' tubs,
A fool came neist; but life has rubs,
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And sair besmear'd was he:
He danc'd up, squintin' through a glass,
And grinn'd, I' faith, a bonnie lass!
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,
The sodger not to strut sae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig;
The fool he cried, Tee-hee!
I kenn'd that I could never fail!
But she prinn'd the dishclout to his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnie came, a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence;
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.

Now Johnie was a clever chiel',
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.

The name of this song was suggested to Sir Alexander Boswell by an old fragment, which still lives among the peasantry. He borrowed no more, and has filled up the idea which this little symbol of the maiden's wealth presented, with a procession of lovers of many professions, all alike eager for the acquirement of wealth by matrimony. The characters of the competitors for the crown matrimonial are cleverly drawn: Jenny had more prudence than what commonly pertains to maidens who flourish in lyric verse. The old verses are scarcely worth preserving:

And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
My Jenny had, my Jenny had;
A' that e'er my Jenny had,
Was ae bawbee.
There's your plack and my plack,
And your plack and my plack,
And my plack and your plack,
And Jenny's bawbee:

We'll put it in the pint stoup,
The pint stoup, the pint stoup;
We'll put it in the pint stoup,
And birl't a' three,

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

There s nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes-o;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twerena for the lasses-o?
Green grow the rashes-o!
Green grow the rashes-o!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses-o!

The warldly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them-o;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them-o.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie-o;
An' warldly cares, and warldly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie-o!

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses-o!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses-o.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes-o:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses-o.
Green grow the rashes-o!
Green grow the rashes-o!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses-o!

The "Green grow the Rashes" of our ancestors was a song of some spirit, and more freedom.—I remember the chorus:

Green grow the rashes-o!
Green grow the rashes-o!
Nae feather-bed was e'er sae saft,
As a bed amang the rashes-o!

It was probably akin to the song of "Pou thou me the Rushes green," mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland." This is one of the early songs of Burns, and the incense which it offers in the concluding verse at the shrine of female beauty is the richest any poet ever brought.

THE BLUE-EYED LASS.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily white;
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul, I wistna how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

The lady, in honour of whose blue eyes this fine song was written, was Miss Jeffrey of Lochmaben, now residing at New York in America—a wife and a mother. It is very popular among the ladies; their sweet clear voices ascend with the music a height which few men can hope to reach. I have a copy of the song in the hand-writing of Burns.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, ye dungeons, dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows-tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath!
On many a bloody plain
I have dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky

May coward shame destain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Burns, if I may trust a mark in the Museum, communicated this wild and warlike song as an old lyric, with additions: it is, however, as much his own as a song may well be.—It owes little, except the name and subject, to the death-chant of Macpherson, printed in Herd's Collection. This daring freebooter composed the song and tune while under sentence of death at Inverness; and when he came to the fatal tree he played the air on a favourite violin: holding up the instrument, he offered it to any of his name who would play the tune at his lyke-wake. No one answered—he dashed the fiddle to pieces on the hangman's head, and flung himself from the ladder. Tradition has some curious stories to tell of songs sung, and music composed, in circumstances very unfavourable for such compositions. The town piper of Falkirk, it is said, was sentenced to be hanged for horse-stealing: on the night before his execution he obtained as an indulgence the company of some of his brother pipers, and as the liquor was abundant, and their instruments in tune, the noise and fun grew fast and furious. The execution was to be at eight o'clock, and the poor piper was recalled to a sense of his situa-

tion by morning light dawning on the window. He suddenly silenced his pipe, and exclaimed, "O but this wearyfu' hanging rings in my lug like a new tune!"

MEG O' THE MILL.

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl:—
She's left the guid fellow, and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving:
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving;—
A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen'!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

"Meg o' the Mill" was a favourite theme with Burns: he augmented the humour and the glee of the old song,

and sent it to the Museum; while for Thomson's more classic collection he wrote the present version. The ancient song lives still in the tenacious memory of the peasantry, though little of it deserves to live.

Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
A braw new gown, and the tail o't is rotten,
And that's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten.

DONALD AND FLORA.

When merry hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor Flora slipt away
Sadd'ning to Mora.
Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
And thus to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow:

Loud howls the northern blast,
Bleak is the dreary waste;
Haste then, O Donald, haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since on a foreign shore
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

Come then, O come away!
Donald! no longer stay!
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora?
Ah! sure he ne'er could be
False to his vows and me!
Heavens! is't not yonder he,
Comes bounding o'er Mora?

Never, O wretched fair!
Sigh'd the sad messenger,
Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora!
Cold as yon mountain's snow,
Donald, thy love, lies low!
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
While weeping in Mora.

Well fought our valiant men
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.
But, though our foes did flee,
Sad was each victory!
For youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell far, far from Mora!

Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
Donald, expiring, said;
Give it to yon dear maid,
Drooping in Mora:

Tell her, O Allan, tell!
Donald thus bravely fell;
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora!

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair!
Striking her bosom bare,
She sigh'd, Poor Flora!
Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!—
Flora no more could say;
At length the sound died away
For ever in Mora!

Hector Macneill had some tenderness, but no pathos; and as pathos was wanted for this tale of woe, the song is a failure. What messenger ever came with so swift a foot and so tedious a tongue:—in three verses he tells what he *might* have said *in* three lines, and the silly sorrow of the lady is in keeping with the stupidity of the messenger:—

Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!
Flora no more could say.

I have omitted one verse, and more might be spared.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie-o;
Thy neck is like the siller dew,
Upon the banks sae brierie-o;—
Thy teeth are o' the ivorie,
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e!
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie-o.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
It's sang o' joy, fu' cheerie-o,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to make it eerie-o;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie-o.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie-o,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day
Our joys fu' sweet and monie-o:
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie-o.



I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me-o;
I wish thou wert for ever mine,
And never mair to leave me-o:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither warldly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie-o.

I remember when this song was exceedingly popular: its sweetness and ease rather than its originality and vigour might be the cause of its success. The third verse contains a very beautiful picture of early attachment—a sunny bank and some sweet soft school-girl, will appear to many a fancy when these lines are sung. It was written by Richard Gall.

AE FOND KISS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;—
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Burns wrote this moving song about the year 1790—Like Thomson he laments the cruelty of fortune: but there is more passion in his complaint; and he seems to have drunk deeply of joy before he parted with the cup. Of the heroine I cannot speak with certainty; but the poet I believe has named her right—the song is more creditable to her charms than to her good name.

AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

Again rejoicing Nature sees
  Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
  All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
  In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
  The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
  Wi' joy the tentie seedman stauks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
  A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
  Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
  And every thing is blest but I.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
  And owre the moorland whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
  I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
  Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
  A woe-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

I have removed from this fine song the idle encumbrance of an adopted chorus; it interrupted the flow of the narrative, and was at open war with the sentiment of each verse. The chorus was joyous and the song mournful. It is one of the earliest printed lyrics of Burns.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

O were I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay,
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say
How much, how dear I love thee.

I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name;
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then—and then I'll love thee.

Burns wrote this song when he first became a dweller on the banks of the Nith; and he wrote it in honour of Mrs. Burns. I have heard the introduction of the heathen hill and fount of poetic inspiration censured as pedantic; but they are mentioned only in a half-serious and half-comic way, that the poet may give preference to the stream of Nith and the hill of Corsincon. The second verse contains one of those happy strokes for which the poet is unrivalled—he gazes on the image of life and loveliness which his fancy presents till he can contain himself no longer, and exclaims, after making an inventory of various perfections, "By heaven and earth I love thee!"

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

First when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child—
Wiser men than me's beguil'd;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I carena by how few may see;—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

No lady would be thought ambitious who wished to be considered the heroine of this brief and pithy song. Burns wrote it as a speculation upon matrimonial happiness, and with the wish of supplanting the ancient song of "Whistle o'er the lave o't," which it has not

wholly succeeded in accomplishing. The old song is still living, though scarcely worthy of existence:—

She sent her daughter to the well,
Better she had gane hersell;
She missed a foot, and down she fell—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

And so it goes on, meaning much more than it openly expresses.

THE PLAID AMANG THE HEATHER.

The wind blew hie owre muir and lea,
And dark and stormy grew the weather;
The rain rain'd sair; nae shelter near
But my love's plaid amang the heather.

Close to his breast he held me fast;—
Sae cozie, warm, we lay thegither;
Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet
As my luve's plaid amang the heather!

'Mid wind and rain he tauld his tale;
My lightsome heart grew like a feather:

It lap sae quick I cou'dna speak,
But silent sigh'd amang the heather.

The storm blew past;—we kiss'd in haste;
I hameward ran and tauld my mither;
She gloom'd at first, but soon confest
The bowls row'd right amang the heather.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream,
Whare Will and I fresh flowers will gather—
Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear
Kind-hearted lad amang the heather.

This I believe is not a popular song; nor is it one of those compositions for which the author has shown any particular regard, or his admirers any marked affection. Neither has it much novelty of sentiment or originality of conception to recommend it. Nevertheless, for flowing ease and natural felicity of expression, it surpasses any of the other songs of Hector Macneill. A lover's plaid, and a bed of heath, are favourite topics with the northern Muse; when the heather is in bloom it is worthy of becoming the couch of beauty. A sea of brown blossom, undulating as far as the eye can reach, and swarming with wild-bees, is a fine sight.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me—
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa!
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye might be my gutcher:—auld Donald, gae 'wa.
I'm gaun to meet Johnie, he's young and he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!
Nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava:
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kin'ly: I'll busk ye aye finely;
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as fast as ye ca'.

My father ay tauld me, my mither an' a',
Ye'd make a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
But, waes me, I ken, he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer;
I'm nae mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whare Johnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a':
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame wearie, the night it was drearie,
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
The howlet was screamin', while Johnie cried, Women
Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep them ay braw.

O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary! take tent wha ye marry,
Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whup and they'll ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnie that's youthfu' and bonnie,
And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

"Come under my Plaidie" was printed in the Museum, and has since found ready admission into our lyric collections; yet it is deficient in the sprightly rustic grace and buoyant animation of many of our songs of courtship and matrimony. That an old man should desire a young wife, is nothing new; and that the vanity of woman should cast away true love for splendid dresses and a coach, is not uncommon. The charm, therefore, must lie in the poetry or in the vivid narrative. There is little that can be called poetry about it; and the narrative is never brightened up for a moment by any of those flashings-out of humour or of wit, which we remember, with pleasure and love, to repeat. It was written by Hector Macneill.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blithe Yule night, when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent an' unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',
Spake o' louping o'er a linn,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time an' chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France—for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spake sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath:
Now they're crouse and canty baith;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

"Duncan Gray is that kind of light-horse gallop of an air which precludes sentiment—the ludicrous is its ruling feature:" such are the words of Burns in his communication with Mr. Thomson concerning this lively song. Into the shortest measure, the poet had the unrivalled art of infusing ease and grace, and vivacity and humour. To airs for which our ancestors could only find a lucky line or two, which, from a penury of invention, they repeated through the verse, Burns found an overflow of happy verses, telling the lively or the tender story of the song without the clumsy assistance of those cuckoo repetitions. An ancient Duncan Gray once existed, but the hero had no right to be called "a lad of grace."

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e:
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature—my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But Oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

The old "Here awa' Willie," which inspired this song, has some merit, and is well known. The versions of Burns's song are numerous; and lyric poets may obtain instruction in the art of song-writing by reading the correspondence between the poet and the musician. To induce the song to echo the music with greater nicety, the poetry submitted to a kind of musical martyrdom—sense was prevailed against by sound. I have restored the reading of the first rough sketch of the song in the second verse: the expression is more natural and touching.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go?
Bonny lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep roaring fa's
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The old song of the Birks of Abergeldie was well known, and still merits notice.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Abergeldie?
Ye shall get a gown of silk,
A gown of silk, a gown of silk;
Ye shall get a gown of silk,
And a coat of callimankie.

The song of Burns was conceived while he stood beside the Falls of Aberfeldy, in Perthshire, during his highland tour. He seldom adhered so closely to the spirit of the old words which he sought to imitate. His own original fancy, and happy turn of thought, carried him away from the paths of others.

FAREWELL, THOU FAIR DAY.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
Our race of existence is run.
Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our King and our Country to save,
While Victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not die with the brave!

Burns wrote this heroic song at the first out-burst of the French revolutionary war, and so well was he satisfied with what he had done, that he was desirous of having it set to music, and printed separately. The poet imagines a field of battle, the sun setting, the victory won, and the victorious and the wounded and the dying, chanting the song of death. The song, noble and heart-rousing as it is, has some lines of common sentiment and cumbrous expression.

SAIR I RUE THE WITLESS WISH.

O sair I rue the witless wish
That gar'd me gang wi' you at e'en,
And sair I rue the birken bush
That screen'd us with its leaves sae green.
And tho' ye vow'd ye wad be mine,
The tear o' grief ay dims my e'e,
For, O! I'm fear'd that I may tyne
The love that ye hae promised me!

While ithers seek their e'ening sports,
I wander, dowie, a' my lane,
For, when I join their glad resorts,
Their daffing gi'es me meikle pain.
Alas! it was na sae shortsyne,
When a' my nights were spent wi' glee;
But O! I'm fear'd that I may tyne
The love that ye hae promised me.

Dear lassie, keep thy heart aboon,
For I ha'e wair'd my winter's fee,
I've coft a bonnie silken gown,
To be a bridal gift for thee.
And sooner shall the hills fa' down,
And mountain-high shall stand the sea,
Ere I'd accept a gowden crown
To change that love I bear for thee.

Ease and gentleness, rather than vehemence and vigour, characterise the songs of Tannahill. The sorrow of the lady in this song is moderate, and the rapture of the lover discreet. They would make a prudent and frugal pair.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills!
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

The pastoral feeling, which Burns infused into this sweet song, is in strict conformity with nature. The woodland primrose, the scented birk, the note of the blackbird, the call of the lapwing and the cushat, the flowery brae, and a fair heroine, are found now, as they were then, on the banks of this little stream. Time, which works such havoc with pastoral landscape, can take nothing away from Afton Water, unless it dries up the stream and strikes the ground with barrenness. Afton Water is in Ayrshire, and is one of the numerous streams which augment the Nith. The song was written in honour of Mrs. Dugald Stewart of Afton Lodge—an accomplished lady, and excellent lyric poetess; and the first person of any note who perceived and acknowledged the genius of Burns.

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew!
O, what a feast, her bonnie mou!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner!

These are eight beautiful lines. They are too few to sing, too good to cast away, and too peculiar and happy ever to be eked out by a hand inferior to the hand of their author, Robert Burns. They will long continue as a fragment.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu.
Bonnie Doon, sae sweet at gloamin,
Fare thee weel before I gang,
Bonnie Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I wove the rustic sang.

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine:
Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh! how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be.
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

Richard Gall wrote this song. When it first appeared it was called Burns's Farewell to Ayrshire, and passed for some time as the production of the silent poet. This, indeed, was doubted by many, for it was not in such a feeble and unimpassioned way that Burns recalled and dwelt upon the scenes of his early youth. But sweetness of versification and natural feeling will always obtain notice, and sometimes keep it, and this song has done both. It was first published in Johnson's Musical Museum.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The Zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade
A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile;
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild:
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though shelter'd in the lowliest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain!
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine:
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

The lady, in whose praise this fine song was written, was Miss Alexander of Ballochmyle, in Ayrshire. Burns, during one of his fits of solitary musing on the banks of his native stream, met with this west-country beauty among the woods, and her charms occasioned the song, which he enclosed to her in a letter written with much romantic respect and delicacy. The lass of Ballochmyle, like many other maidens on whom the folly of poets has lavished lasting verse, was cold or insensible, and Burns had not the fortitude to be silent—he complained of her neglect. Dr. Currie excuses the lady with singular infelicity: "Her modesty might prevent

her from perceiving that the muse of Tibullus breathed in this nameless poet." I hope Miss Alexander listened to the doctor's defence as she did to the poet's strains, with "silent modesty and dignified reserve."

THE STOWN GLANCE O' KINDNESS.

'Twasna her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter—
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter!

To a lady with blue eyes and flaxen ringlets, Burns seems largely indebted for his inspiration in song; and I am afraid that the poet persisted in pouring out his praise long after the lady had no other charm than personal attractions left. One of the flaxen-tressed heroines of Burns contrived to cast suspicion upon her chastity

before her beauty was well budded:—but it would be discourteous to insist upon purity with a lady who had the weakness, or the boldness, never to care any thing for a virtue so sensitive and troublesome.

BONNIE LESLEY.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further.
To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.
The deil he cou'd na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee,
He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, I canna wrang thee!

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;

Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again so bonnie.

Mr. Thomson sought to stay the march of "Macedonia's madman" into the region of Scottish song, but Burns was unexpectedly obstinate, and Alexander keeps his place; though all who sing the song must wonder what he is doing there. The heroine, Miss Lesley Baillie of Ayrshire, now Mrs. Cuming of Logie, was on her way to England through Dumfries; Burns accompanied her towards the border, and on his way home made this song in her honour, and an exquisite song it is. The poet believed that he had parodied an old song, beginning with

My bonnie Lizie Bailie,
I'll rowe thee in my plaidie;

but the resemblance exists only in the first verse, and in the bard's imagination. It was to such casual inspirations that we owe many of his finest songs.

GUDEWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout—
An' ye drink but deep, ye'll find him out!
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

Good drinking songs are few in number; and England, with all her admiration of her brown ale and her

wine, has poured but little drunken inspiration into verse. The ancient verses which suggested this song to Burns are not unknown, nor do they deserve to be forgotten.

O, ilka day my wife tells me,
That ale and brandy will ruin me;
But though gude drink shou'd be my dead,
Ise have this written on my head:
O, gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

The hero of the old song seems resolved not to settle with the hostess over an empty measure, and it is evident he will as little rise from a full one.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

"Composed on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies:" such are the words of Burns which accompany this song in the Reliques. The song corresponds with the character which he draws, it is very brief and very beautiful. To the same lady the poet addresses one of his most laboured letters—he is apologizing for his indolence. "In vain remorse rears her horrent crest, and rouses all her snakes: beneath the deadly-fixed eye and leaden hand of indolence, their wildest ire is charmed into the torpor of the bat, slumbering out the rigours of winter in the chink of a ruined wall." The ease and nature of his verse seldom found the way into the poet's prose; and though many passages of his letters are written with great ease and animation, and sparkling with poetic imagery, yet, on the whole, they are laboured and cumbrous, compared with his inimitable verse.

EVAN BANKS.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires;
To Evan banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.
O banks to me for ever dear!
O stream whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye;
Does she, with heart unchanged as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound;
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to memory brings,
All that on Evan's border springs?
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side:
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight!
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

I found this song, when I was a boy, in an old Magazine, in a shepherd's shiel among the moorlands of Nithsdale, and I was so charmed with its descriptive beauty, that it was impressed on my memory at a couple of readings. It was printed in Burns's Reliques, by mistake, for one of his productions; this was corrected by one of the Reviews, which took the song from Burns and gave it to Miss Williams.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye.

These are sweet and delicate lines, and worthy of the great poet to whom the song was erroneously imputed.

THE CRADLE SONG.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy daddie now is far awa,
A sailor laddie o'er the sea;
But hope ay hechts his safe return
To you my bonnie lamb an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet an' mild,
Like ony summer e'ening fa';
Thy sparkling e'e is bonnie black;
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O but thy daddie's absence lang
Would break my dowie heart in twa,

Wert thou na left a dautit pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa!

The highland Baloo, or nursing song, is of a martial character, and very unlike this sweet little effusion from the pen of Richard Gall.

Hey balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Image of the great C[illegible]nronald;
Brawly kens our wanton chief
Wha gat my young highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
An' thou live thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country through and through,
And bring me hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the lowlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, mayest thou furder;
Herry the loons o' the low countrie,
Syne to the highlands hame to me.

The highland virago sees in imagination her son returning victorious from a foray, and rejoices in the resemblance which he bears to the head of the clan who had honoured her with his caresses. The more gentle lowland dame seeks to hush her own feelings and her child at the same time with the hope of her husband's return, the fair looks of her offspring, and the continuance of her love.

THE LAMMIE.

Whar hae ye been a' day,
My boy Tammy?
I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Meadow green and mountain gray,
Courting o' this young thing
Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy?
I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy Tammy?
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;—
I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—
She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling Lammie!
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishen and gear;
Ye'se get it a' wer't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gade aff her bonnie face—
I maunna leave my mammy.
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought monie waes—
I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
My ain kind-hearted Lammie!
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gie's her hand, and says,—
There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her e'e:
But O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

Tammie has been praised for his singleness of heart; the Lammie for her simplicity; and the old woman for kindliness of nature and warmth of affection. I cannot feel that all this is deserved: the simplicity of Macneill is without manliness; his lovers are somewhat conceited and silly; and their language belongs to that period which precedes the dawn of love. The following ludicrous variation was often sung along with the song, and passed with many for a part of it:—

How auld may thy young thing be,
My boy Tammie?
How auld may thy young thing be,
My kind hearted Lammie?
She's twice six, twice seven,
Twice twenty and eleven;
Yet she's but a young thing
Just come frae her mammie.

This verse holds a riddle within it which I once heard solved: some of my readers may be able to pick the loop of the rustic enigma.

THE AULD MAN.

But lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoice the day,
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.

Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again!

Burns wrote the Auld Man in one of those moments when he was, to use his own glowing words—

On the past too fondly pondering,
O'er the hapless future wandering.

But weary days of old age and nights of sleepless pain he was not doomed to suffer. The song was composed to an East Indian air: it has never been a favourite. Youth wishes to enjoy the golden time upon its hands, and age is far from fond of chanting of declining strength, white pows, and general listlessness.

ANNIE.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, I'm thine for ever!
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery through her shortening day
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

"I walked out with the Museum," says Burns, ' my hand; and turning up 'Allan Water,' the w appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air: sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn till I wrote one to suit the measure. The ancient name of the tune, Ramsay says, is 'Allan Water,' or 'My love Annie's very bonnie:' this last has certainly been a line of the original song. So I took up the idea, and as you will see have introduced the line in its place." Burns was certainly correct in his conjecture, that the line which gave a name to Ramsay's song belonged to an old lyric. The Allan is a northern stream; and Benledi is a mountain west of Strathallan, three thousand and nine feet high.

BONNIE BELL.

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies:
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountain breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell:
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old time and nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

I once saw a copy of this beautiful song, to which some weak hand had added a couple of strange stanzas. They were out of all keeping with the character of Burns's verses; and the peasantry for whose acceptance they had been composed soon separated the impure clay from the beaten gold.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

The deil cam fiddling through the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the exciseman;
And ilka wife cry'd, Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' the prize, man.
We'll make our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony thanks to the muckle black deil
That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman.

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
Was the deil's awa wi' the exciseman.
We'll make our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony thanks to the muckle black deil
That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman.

At a convivial meeting of the excisemen at Dumfries, Burns was called on for a song: the poet had a strong and manly, but not a very melodious voice. He declined singing; but handed this very characteristic song to the chairman written on the back of a letter: it was sung with great enthusiasm. Burns was much esteemed in his official capacity for his moderation and kindness of heart. All the country shopkeepers and ale-house

wives delight in recalling him to their remembrance. Some of the more devout add to their commendations of the poet as an excise officer—"He was warst to himsel, puir fellow."

THE GLOOMY NIGHT.

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain:
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those:
The bursting tears my heart declare—
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

"I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; and I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—

The gloomy night is gathering fast."

Such is the history which Burns gives of this touching lyric—one of the most mournful of all his compositions, inasmuch as we associate it with his early history and his untimely death.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
An O for ane and twenty, Tam,
An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spier,
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie? there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam.
An O for ane and twenty, Tam,
An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

Tam had the good fortune to be beloved by a very lively and opulent young lady. Her account of her hopes and her affections is very confidential, and her

confidence has been rewarded by public favour. The "Moudiework," from which this admirable song accepted only the aid of the air, is a very old and very free lyric; which cannot well be quoted, and certainly can far less be sung. "This song is mine," is the brief claim which Burns makes to this production in the Reliques.

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

Far lone, amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander:
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass of Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And's scarcely seen by ony:
Sae sweet amidst her native hills
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower of Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean;
There avarice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion.—
Let fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurell'd favours many,
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass of Arranteenie.

I suspect that the "Lass of Arranteenie" is one of those aërial damsels whom lyric poets create as the Egyptians make gods—for the express purpose of falling down and worshipping the work of their own hands. He who sings of the charms of an imaginary maiden must share in the reproach with which the poet assails the Romish church:—

Thus Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its paniety.

This is one of poor Tannahill's songs, and contains a pretty picture of modest love and quiet affection.

MY NANNIE-O.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many-o,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
An' I'll awa' to Nannie-o:
The westlin wind blaws loud and shill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy-o;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie-o.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye-o:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie-o!
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie-o;—
The op'ning gowan, wet wi dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie-o.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me-o;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie-o.
My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie-o;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie-o.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie-o;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie-o.
Come weel, come woe, I carena by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me-o;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie-o.

Burns was fond of his native hills and streams; the rivers and rivulets of Ayrshire are remembered in many a moving song. A very pretty stream, with a very strange name, once flowed in the commencing line of "My Nannie-o:" the poet listened to the complaint of some fastidious singer, and removed Nannie's native stream, and replaced it with the Lugar. Such changes lessen our belief in the local truth of lyric verse; but perhaps Burns exclaimed with Prior, when he sought to excuse himself from the charge of more serious levities, "Ye gods, must one swear to the truth of a song!" The poet, it will be remembered, changed his name from Burness to Burns, a kind of deliberate whim which deprived a very ancient name of an increase of honour. Those who live on the banks of the stream of Stinchar will think of the fame of which the poet deprived them by displacing it for the Lugar.

LORD GREGORY.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r—
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.
An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it mayna be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonnie Irwin side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love,
I lang, lang had denied?
How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

This song, by Burns, and also a song of the same name by Wolcot, were suggested by a very old lyric, called "The Lass of Lochroyan," which far excels them both in poetry and pathos. Wolcot complained with some bitterness of the unkindness of Burns in selecting the same subject as himself, and imputed it to envy. They have both written fine songs: the English verse is the more elegant—the Scottish the more natural. Dr. Currie claims the merit of originality for Wolcot; and Burns disclaims all wish to enter into competition:—"My song," he modestly says, "though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity about it."—I wonder if he ever read "The Lass of Lochroyan?"

A RED, RED ROSE.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;—
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

There is an old Nithsdale song which seems to have suggested to Burns some part of this delightful little lyric. The heroine loses her lover, and exclaims—

O where's he gone whom I love best?
And has left me here to sigh and mourn;—
O I shall wander the world over
Till once I see if my love return.
The seas shall dry—the fishes fly—
The rocks shall melt down wi' the sun—
The labouring man shall forget his labour;
The blackbird shall not sing, but mourn,
If ever I prove false to my love
Till once I see if he will return.

If all the song had equalled this specimen, it would have merited a place in any collection.

O POORTITH CAULD.

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 't werena for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

"Poortith cauld" was sent to George Thomson unaccompanied by any remarks from Burns: it is a sweet and a touching song. The old words are of a gay and a pleasant character: the hero who "had a horse and had nae mair" was a man of a different stamp from the hero of the present song. In uniting the air to sadder words, Burns perhaps was conscious that he was disobeying the warning spirit of the old melody: but his mind was not always in a mirthful mood; and, I confess, I love his pathos more than his humour. I have followed the poet's first version of the song in the last verse, as more natural than the amended copy. The "humble cottar" has his visions of wealth and importance as well as the most lordly. The "wild-wood Indian" is living in what Alexander Peden called "black nature,"—a state of irreclaimable barbarism.

THRO' CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY WA'S.

Thro' Cruikston Castle's lonely wa's
The wintry wind howls wild and dreary;
Tho' mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
Yet I ha'e vow'd to meet my Mary.
Yes, Mary, tho' the winds shou'd rave
Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I'd brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep
Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure;
But I will ford the whirling deep
That roars between me and my treasure.
Yes, Mary, tho' the torrent rave
With jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie;
But when the lonesome way is past,
I'll to this bosom clasp my dearie.
Yes, Mary, tho' stern winter rave
With a' his storms to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I'd brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

This is another of Robert Tannahill's songs, and one well worthy of the favour which it has obtained. Indeed, had the unhappy author received only a tithe of the admiration, whilst he was living, which has been poured so vehemently over his grave, he would not so soon have been numbered among the "sons of the morning." It is safe to sympathise in a poet's fortune when the sod is above him—he will not rise to ask the opulent mourner for a favour.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON CRAIGIE-BURN.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow:
I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But, oh! what will my torments be
If thou refuse thy Johnie!

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

There are several variations of this song, and they are all so good that they have become popular. The heroine was one of the ladies to whose personal charms the Muse of Burns did frequent acts of homage, under the name of "Chloris," "The Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," and "The Lass of Craigie-burn." She was as condescending as she was beautiful. It is written in the measure of an old song, of which the chorus is still popular:—

O to be lying beyond thee, dearie,
O to be lying beyond thee:
How light and sweet would be his sleep
Who lay in the bed beyond thee!

NAEBODY.

I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a gude braid sword,
I'll take dunts frae naebody.
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

This little, lively, lucky song was written at Ellisland. Burns had built his house—he had committed his seed-corn to the ground—he was in the prime, nay the morning of life—health, and strength, and agricultural skill were on his side—his genius had been acknowledged by his country, and rewarded by a subscription more extensive than any Scottish poet ever received before; no wonder, therefore, that he broke out into voluntary

song expressive of his sense of importance and independence. The poet, however, modulated his chant by the sentiment and measure of an old rustic bard, who sung with less vigour, but with equal truth:

I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll be behadin to naebodie;
I hae a pat and a pan,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.
There's nane shall ken, there's nane shall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
As stowlins we shall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken-tree,
When trystin-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

Popular report has dedicated this charming little song to more than one beauty. The air was one of Burns's favourites, and the subject had caught his fancy, for he has indulged us with another song of the same character, of greater length, but not of greater loveliness. An old song supplied him with a few words:

I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
Na, never a' my life again;
I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
To seek a wilfu' wife again.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield,
Blithe Bessie, in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will;
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild,
O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae wooers mony a-ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie walch
A routhie but, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Take this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie-glen an' a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best;
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' fouk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve
The gowd and siller canna buy.

We may be poor, Robie and I;
Light is the burden love lays on:
Content and love bring peace and joy;
What mair hae queens upon a throne?

I wish Burns had written more of his songs in this lively and dramatic way. The enthusiastic affection of the maiden, and the suspicious care and antique wisdom of the "dame of wrinkled eild," animate and lengthen the song without making it tedious. Robie has indeed a faithful and eloquent mistress, who vindicates true love and poverty against all the insinuations of one whose speech is spiced with very pithy and biting proverbs.

MY MARY.

My Mary is a bonnie lass,
Sweet as the dewy morn,
When Fancy tunes her rural reed,
Beside the upland thorn.
She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
Where flow'rs in wild profusion grow,
Where spreading birks and hazels throw
Their shadows o'er the burn.

'Tis not the streamlet-skirted wood,
Wi' a' its leafy bow'rs,
That gars me wait in solitude
Among the wild-sprung flow'rs;
But aft I cast a langing e'e
Down frae the bank out-owre the lea;
There haply I my lass may see,
As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonnie lassie
Coming frae the town,
We raptur'd sunk in ither's arms,
And prest the brekans down;
The pairtrick sung his e'ening note,
The rye-craik rispt his clamorous throat,
While there the heavenly vow I got,
That erl'd her my own.

The heroine of this song is surrounded with such captivating landscape, that I am at a loss whether to admire the lady or the land she lives in most. The lover himself seems to have been so sensible of the charms of inanimate nature, that he thinks it necessary to warn us that he lingers among the burns and bowers for another purpose. It is one of Tannahill's songs, and a very beautiful one.

HAD I A CAVE.

Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try,
What peace is there!

Good fortune, much more than lyric genius, must assist the poet who seeks to supply the crinkum-crankum tune of Robin Adair with verses meriting the name of poetry. The ancient song, too, is as singular as the air:—

You're welcome to Paxton,
Young Robin Adair;
You're welcome but asking,
Sweet Robin Adair!

How does Johnie Mackerel do?
Aye, and Luke Gardener too?
Come love me, and never rue,
Robin Adair.

The unfortunate termination of a friend's courtship suggested this song to Burns: the concluding verse is happy and vigorous—there is much said in few words.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonny face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trode the dewy green.

Burns says, "I composed these verses while I stayed at Ochtertyre with Sir William Murray. The lady, who was also at Ochtertyre at the same time, was the well known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lentrose, who was called, and very justly, the Flower of Strathmore." To this notice by the poet, I have only to add, that his Muse called to the aid of the lady's charms an old song, of the same measure, from which the first lines of the present beautiful lyric are borrowed.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past!

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure, or pain,
My warst word is—Welcome, and welcome again!

Burns wrote this little gay and happy song to an air of which he confesses himself very fond—"Lumps o' Pudding." He has written nothing of a joyous nature more felicitously. The old proverbial lore lends wisdom to the verse, the love of freedom is delicately expressed and vindicated, the sorrows of life are softened by song, and drink seems only to flow to set the tongue of the Muse a-moving. The poet accounts for his inspiration, on another occasion:

Just ae half mutchkin does me prime,
Aught less is little;
Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
As gleg's a whittle.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lowet degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

"Auld Rob Morris" has made mirth in Scotland for

many generations. The first "Robert" was coarse, free, and graphic; the second "Robert" came with an increase of humour from the hand of Ramsay, and with some abatement of the grossness; and "Robert" the third came forth a discreet, and delicate, and thoughtful personage from the hand of Robert Burns. The dramatic form of Ramsay's song adds greatly to its life and buoyancy; much of it was borrowed from the ancient lyric, and from the same place Burns took the two commencing lines of the present song

---

MY JEANIE.

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The warld's wealth and grandeur!
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:



And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

Burns, in a letter to George Thomson, imputes the composition of this song to the benevolence of Coila, the muse of his native district: he imagines she followed him to the banks of the Nith, and poured the song on his glowing fancy.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Since auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
  Frae morning sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
  Since auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
  And gie's a haud o' thine;
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught
  For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
  And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
  For auld lang syne.

"Auld lang syne" owes all its attractions, if it owes not its origin, to the muse of Burns. So exquisitely has the poet eked out the old with the new, that it would puzzle a very profound antiquary to separate the ancient from the modern. The original song was well known in Allan Ramsay's days, but its original spirit was unfelt, since he failed in his attempt to imitate or rival it. Burns, alluding to the old verses, exclaims, "Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it, than in half a dozen of modern English bacchanalians." He elsewhere says, "It is the old song of the olden times, and has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, till I took it down from an old man's singing." Few such "old men" are now to be met with.

CALEDONIA.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green brekan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

Love of country and domestic affection have combined to endear this song to every bosom. The charms of the poet's Jean, and his love for old Scotland, contend for mastery; and we can hardly conclude which of them Burns admires most. It was written in honour of Mrs. Burns.

BONNIE JEAN.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.
And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As in the bosom o' the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.
But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:
O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

Burns was one of those poets who imagined it was necessary to have a visible and living image of female loveliness before him, to supply him with the glowing

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colours and fascinating forms of lyric composition. The heroine of this song was, in 1793, a young and lovely lady, Miss Macmurdo of Drumlanrig, now Mrs. Crawford. The poet was a welcome visitant at her father's house. He painted her in the dress and character of a cottager; and this has induced many people to believe that he was the hero himself, and his wife the heroine. It was from Mrs. Burns's voice that the fine air of the song was noted down.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

Wha is that at my bower door?—
O wha is it but Findlay?—
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What make ye here sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay—
Before the morn ye'll work mischief!—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in—
Let me in, quo' Findlay—
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

In my bower if ye should stay—
Let me stay, quo' Findlay—
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day!—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay—
I dread ye'll learn the gate again!—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay—
Ye maun conceal till your last hour!—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Mr. Cromek was assured by Gilbert Burns, that "Wha's that at my bower door" was suggested early in life to his brother's fancy by the song of "Widow, are ye waukin," in Ramsay's collection. That clever old lyric was frequently sung to the poet in his youth by Jean Wilson, a widow of Tarbolton, remarkable for simplicity and naïveté of character, and for singing curious old-world songs. She had outlived all her children, yet when she performed domestic worship, she still imagined them all around her, and gave out each line of the psalm with an audible voice, as though she had an audience.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO.

What can a young lassie,
What shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie
Do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny
That tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny
For siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin
Frae mornin to e'enin,
He hoasts and he hirples
The weary day lang:
He's doylt and he's dozin,
His blude it is frozen;
O, dreary's the night
Wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers,
He frets and he cankers;
I never can please him
Do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous
Of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day
I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie
Upon me takes pity;
I'll do my endeavour
To follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him,
Until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass
Will buy me a new pan.

The name of an old song suggested these happy verses to Burns: they were written for Johnson's Museum. The original lyric made the blooming heroine threaten her ancient wooer with a number of personal penalties if he succeeded in making her his wife; but I think the more delicate heroine of Burns took a surer way to send the gray hairs of her old lover in sorrow to the grave. Her system seems certain and effectual—a regular, organised plan of domestic annoyance. This counsel comes from the lips of an aunt—one of those calculating dames whom lyric poets employ in giving good or evil advice according as the demon of worldly interest prevails. Some sage lady, of "wrinkled eld," perhaps, made the match, which another seeks to dissolve by a process as sure as a parliamentary divorce.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the westlin breezes blaw:
'Mang the birks o' Stanely-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie-o.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie-o.
Come, my lassie, let us stray,
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
Midst joys that never wearie-o.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie-o.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry brekans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie-o.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie-o.

The admirers of Tannahill consider "Gloomy Winter" to be one of his most successful songs. The poet has indeed given us a beautiful landscape—he has strewn the stream of his verse with the natural flowers of the season—the name of every place on which he glances his eye mingles as naturally with the love of his mistress as the hills mingle with the vales, or the song of the thrush with the sound of the running water; but he nearly loses his love in the exuberance of landscape.

THE LEA-RIG.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
  Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
  Return sae dowf and wearie-o;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
  Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie-o.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
  I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie-o,
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
  My ain kind dearie-o.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
  And I were ne'er sae wearie-o,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie-o.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin gray,
It makes my heart sae cheerie-o,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie-o.

The "Lea-Rig" is the first song which Burns wrote for the work of George Thomson, and Dr. Currie supposes it to have been in some measure suggested to the poet's fancy by the very clever old song of the "Ploughman." There is a slight resemblance in words, but certainly none in sentiment. The oral versions of that old song are very variable:

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,
He's often wet and weary:
Cast off the wet, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie.

This verse is very inaccurate; the song to which it belongs is in this collection. Burns was dissatisfied with his own success, and observes, with reference to the inequalities of the old songs, "But who shall rise up and say, go to, I will make a better? I could make nothing more of the "Lea-rig" than the following, which, heaven knows! is poor enough."

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang;
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize;
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

"The Poor and Honest Sodger" laid hold at once on the public feeling, and it was every where sung with an enthusiasm which only began to abate when Campbell's "Exile of Erin" and "Wounded Hussar" were published. Dumfries, which sent so many of its sons to the wars, rung with it from port to port; and the poet, wherever he went, heard it echoing from house and hall. I wish this exquisite and useful song, with the song of "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "The Song of Death," and "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat,"—all lyrics which infuse a love of country and a martial enthusiasm into men's breasts, had obtained some reward for the poet. His perishable conversation was remembered by the rich to his prejudice—his imperishable lyrics were rewarded only by the admiration and tears of his fellow-peasants.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea;
Nae lavrock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e;
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air;
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle!

Burns lamented the departure of the amiable family of the Whitefords from Ballochmyle, in these two beautiful verses. Catrine is the seat of Dugald Stewart, Esq. and Ballochmyle is the residence of Boyd Alexander, Esq. To the charms of an Alexander we owe the "Lass of Ballochmyle;" and I have heard it said, that to the coldness of the heroine of that exquisite song we

are indebted for the present lyric. He perhaps sought to set off the beauty and courtesy of one lady against the charms and coldness of another.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Though winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

Burns wrote this song in compliment to Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, and his lady. The poet was

their frequent and welcome guest—and the air of the song was the composition of Glenriddell. The Friar's Carse, where they resided, is a lovely place. I have often felt the fragrance of the numerous flowers with which the garden is filled, and the fields covered, wafted over the Nith as I walked along its banks on a summer Sunday morning. The Hermitage, when I saw it last in 1808, was a refuge for cattle. The floor was littered deep with filth; the shrubs which surrounded it were browzed upon or broken down; the hand of a Londoner, in endeavouring to abstract a pane of glass on which Burns had written some lines, had shivered it into fragments, which were strewn about the floor—I turned away in sorrow. It is now the property of Mrs. Crichton; and the haunt of the poet is respected.

OCH HEY, JOHNIE LAD.

Och hey, Johnie lad,
  Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been!
Och hey, Johnie lad,
  Ye didna keep your tryste yestreen!
I waited lang beside the wood,
  Sae wae an' weary a' my lane;
Och hey, Johnie lad,
  It was a waefu' night yestreen!

I looked by the whinny knowe,
  I looked by the firs sae green,
I looked o'er the spunkie howe,
  An' ay I thought ye wad hae been.
The ne'er a supper crost my craig,
  The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een;
Och hey, Johnie lad,
  Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been!

Gin ye war waiting by the wood,
  It's I was waiting by the thorn;
I thought it was the place we set,
  An' waited maist till dawning morn.
But be nae vext, my bonnie lass,
  Let my waiting stan' for thine;
We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
  An' seek the joys we tint yestreen.

"Johnie lad" is an imitation of an old lively free song of the same name, which makes the heroine lament the insensibility of her lover to the advantage which a lonely place and a dark night gave him over her. Tannahill, in making the lovers mistake the place of tryste, has varied the story of the song at the expense of probability; but there is much truth and vivacity in the verses.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloaming
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as onie, and blithe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r of Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

There is less originality in the "Flower of Dumblane" than in most of Tannahill's songs. There is little said but what has been said as well before: the bloom of the brier, the bud of the birk, the song of the mavis, are all sweet things, but as common to lyric poetry as they are to nature.

I WINNA GANG BACK.

I winna gang back to my mammy again,
I'll never gae back to my mammy again;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

Young Johnie came down i' the gloamin' to woo,
Wi' plaidie sae bonny, an' bonnet sae blue:
O come awa' lassie, ne'er let mammy ken!
An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his dow,
An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou';
While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichter'd an' fain,
An' sigh'd out, O Johnie, I'll aye be your ain!

Some lassies will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;
Wi' Johnie I stood upon nae stappin-stane;
Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

For mony lang year, sin' I play'd on the lea,
My mammy was kind as a mither could be;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

The natural beauty and buoyancy of this little song is impaired by an air of affectation and childishness which Gall, as well as Macneill, mistook for the most engaging and endearing simplicity and singleness of heart. A young lady of eighteen, ambitious of domestic rule, and of becoming a wife and mother, would never prattle of her lover in this light-headed manner.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
  Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
  That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
  Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
  Shall rue it to his smart.

Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysel',
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never lov'd but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing—
O tell me how to woo!

The late Mr. Graham of Gartmore wrote this elegant and chivalrous song. The chorus is the echo of a fragment of old verse, and might be omitted, like many other supplemental rhymes of the same nature which are scattered among our lyrics, without offering any injury to the song.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the highlands a-chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the highlands, farewell to the north,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth!
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow!
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!
My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the highlands a-chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the highlands, wherever I go.

The first half stanza of this song is old, the rest is the work of Burns. Of the old song I am sorry I can give no larger specimen. It was the lamentation, I understand, of a highland lady who, wedded to some churlish lowland lord, languished for her green glens, her boundless hills, and her sylvan liberty.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into its bonnie breast to fa'!
Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on its silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light.

O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!
How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

The first eight lines of this song are very old, very beautiful, and very generally admired. The succeeding eight lines are by Burns; but they fail in continuing without abatement the exquisite original feeling and delicacy of the old. The poet, after expressing his admiration of the fragment, says, "I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain: after balancing myself for a musing of five minutes on the hind legs of my

elbow chair, I produced the following, which are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess." The peasantry, in whose hands all old verses are diversified by numerous variations, have attempted in vain to imitate the starting sentiment:—

O were my love yon lily white
That grows within the garden green,
And I were but the gardener lad,
I wad lie near its bloom at e'en.

Another variation substitutes a leek for the lily, which may indicate that the lover was of Welsh descent. There are varieties without end, and stray verses without number, all echoing in a fainter or ruder way the sentiment of the ancient verse.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

O leeze me on my spinning wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel,
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me feal and warm at e'en!
I'll sit me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk, and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the clover hay,
The pairtrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

The old song of "The Lass and her spinning wheel" must have been present to Burns's mind when he wrote this sweeter and gentler strain. The early song is ani-

mated by love: the present song by domestic thrift, and an affection for hill, and tree, and stream. Household industry seldom lent any inspiration to the Muse: over sewing, spinning, and knitting; kneading cakes, and pressing cheese; shaking straw, and winnowing corn; and all the range of in-door and out-door occupation, no Muse was appointed to preside—the more's the pity!

LOGAN WATER.

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes!

Logan Water has found many poets; but the most successful of all its minstrels is John Mayne, Esq. whose song of that name echoes back the pure sentiments and glad feelings of the olden days of the Muse with great feeling and truth. The song of Mayne, as well as that of Burns, is founded on some old verses; but the poet has only employed them in creating something more beautiful and delicate. Of the earlier song, the following may suffice for a specimen:—

Ae simmer night, on Logan braes,
I helped a bonnie lassie on wi' her claes;

First wi' her stockings, and syne wi' her shoon;
But she gied me the glaiks when a' was done.

Had I kenn'd then what I ken now—

The hero goes on to make the public his confidant; but the confession seems adapted for the secret and discreet ear of a father-confessor.

THE POSIE.

O luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove;
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

The air of this song was taken down from the voice of Mrs. Burns, who sang and danced in her earlier days with great beauty and grace. The old words which belonged to the tune have no great merit; they commence thus—

There was a pretty May, and a-milking she went,
With her red rosie cheeks and her coal-black hair.

Burns has pulled all the fairest flowers of garden and field, and showered them on his mistress. The song is a favourite.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie;
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.

It's no its loud roar, on the wintry wind swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e;
For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

The second verse of the "Braes o' Gleniffer" is exceedingly beautiful and natural. The season of flowers was departed, the song of the mavis was mute, and nothing was seen but a waste of snow and the birds, as they chirped and flitted from bough to bough, shaking the snow-drift from their wings. The chief excellence, and the greatest fault, of Tannahill are exemplified in this song. His inanimate nature is far too luxuriant for his animated nature—he smothers his heroes and heroines in the very garments with which more judicious poets seek only to dress them.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee:
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mair nor me.

Burns has painted the heroine of this clever song as a shrewd and considerate damsel. Her acquaintance with the saving-knowledge of proverbs, and her natural acuteness, enable her to penetrate into the views of her lover: she is not so unwilling to become his wife, as she is exasperated at the attempt to overreach a lady of her sagacity. His craft is confronted by her cunning;—what a treat their conversation must have been! But I am forgetting that they are only imaginary personages,—in such natural and lively colours has the poet painted them. In the last verse the poet seems to have remembered some old lines:—

Where will our gudeman lie
Till he shoot o'er the simmer?
Up aboon the hen bawks
Among the rotten timmer.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lover's een,
When kind love is in the ee.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.

Burns imagined that he had his propitious season for

lyric composition. Autumn, he confessed, exercised a strong influence over his spirit; and that whenever the corn ripened, and the reapers assembled, he ascended into the region of song. A mind naturally poetic, like that of Burns, had the elements of verse ever ready for use, had an earnest call been made: a genius which flourishes only during a particular season seems like a flower which gives its bloom to the spring, and its withered leaves to the rest of the year. This song is one of his autumnal productions; and indeed it is worthy of any season. It parodies, for the chorus, the old song of "This is no my ain house," but it carries the resemblance no farther; and were the chorus dismissed altogether, the song would be no sufferer.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spakna, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor;
  But fient a hair care I.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
  Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
  But, trouth, I carena by.

I doubtna, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow take him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he for sense or lear
Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, take my advice;
Your daddy's gear makes you sae nice:
The deil a ane wad spier your price
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wouldna gie her in her sark
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye need na look sae high.

"Tibbie, I hae seen the day," is the earliest of all the lyric compositions of Burns. It has none of those felicitous touches and happy and vigorous thoughts, for which he became afterwards so much distinguished; yet it is lively and clever, and well worthy of a place. Who the saucy maiden was we may now perhaps inquire in vain. Happy is the lady on whom the sun of his fancy shone, for she will live long in light. I wish he had been more fastidious in his heroines.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

O, wat ye wha's in yon town
  Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town
  That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw
  She wanders by yon spreading tree:
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
  Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
  And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
  The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town
Yon sinking sun's gaun down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I careless quit aught else below;
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

It seems unlikely that Burns dedicated these fine verses to the honour of more than one lady; yet tradition is so perversely blind as to impute them to the influence of Mrs. Burns, while at the same time the name of the heroine, and authority of a far less dubious nature than any thing traditional, assign them to the charms of Lucy Johnstone, the accomplished lady of Mr. Oswald of Auchencruive. Like many of the poet's songs, it commences by imitating an ancient lyric; but the Muse only uses the old verse as a kind of vantage ground from which she may ascend into the region of original song with greater readiness: no one who reads it will imagine that it owes any of its beauty to

I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
O never a' my life again.

Some copies omit the name of Lucy, and substitute Jeanie, and the fourth verse presents the following variation:—

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes sae green;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

LANGSYNE, BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN.

Langsyne, beside the woodland burn,
Amang the broom sae yellow,
I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,
On nature's mossy pillow;
A' round my seat the flow'rs were strew'd,
That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,
To weave mysel' a summer snood,
To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twin'd the woodbine round the rose,
Its richer hues to mellow;
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
To busk the sedge sae yellow.
The crow-flow'r blue, and meadow-pink,
I wove in primrose-braided link;
But little, little did I think
I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forc'd afar,
Tost on the raging billow;
Perhaps he's fa'en in bloody war,
Or wreck'd on rocky shallow.
Yet ay I hope for his return,
As round our wonted haunts I mourn;
And often by the woodland burn
I pu' the weeping willow.

The weeping willow, I am afraid, seldom hangs its long and melancholy boughs in natural Scottish landscape; and in this very pretty song, we must either consider it as an intruder or a figure of speech. The crown of sedge and the garland of willow are green in many an ancient poem and song; but I am sorry that Tannahill injured the effect of this beautiful composition by introducing them: they give the air of affectation to verses otherwise very natural and sweet.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
Where wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between;
Both day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae fragrant, sweet, and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
Whose songs charm a' the air:

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's ay sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her would banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

"I composed this song," says Burns, "out of compliment to Mrs. Burns;—it was during the honey-moon." Such is the brief and lively way in which our great lyric bard informs us of the willing homage which his Muse paid to faithful domestic love and wedded affection. If I am asked the reason why the two first verses of this exquisite pastoral are only printed in his works, I can

give no satisfactory answer. All the four have been long popular, and are well known to have come from the poet's pen. In poetical beauty and truth they are all alike, and I hope they will never more be separated.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan came to pree;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.
We arena fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

Yon is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

The three heroes celebrated in this song are William Nicol, Allan Masterton, and Robert Burns. They met at the farm-house of Laggan in Nithsdale, the property of Nicol, and gave "one day's discharge to care" over the punch-bowl. This memorable house-heating was celebrated by Robert and Allan in their own peculiar way. The latter wrote the music, and the former the song, while Nicol rewarded them with "wine and wassail." All the three found early graves.

Burns himself was a most hospitable and convivial man. His famous punch-bowl, while he resided at Ellisland, was frequently filled to his own satisfaction, and emptied to the delight of his friends. After his death it was presented to Alexander Cunningham of Edinburgh by the poet's family, as a mark of esteem and gratitude. Cunningham went the way of the poet, and the bowl passed from beneath the auctioneer's hammer, at the price of eighty pounds, into the hands of a speculating tavern-keeper, and from thence into the pawnshop; out of which place it was redeemed, at more than the original cost, by my friend Archibald Hastie, Esq. of West-place, London. I am glad that it has at last found sanctuary with one who, while he watches over it as a zealous catholic would watch over the "true bloody

stone of Thomas-a-Becket," submits it cheerfully at set times and seasons to the curiosity of his friends, reeking to the brim with the fragrant liquid which its first great owner loved. The bowl is made of black Scottish marble, brimmed and bottomed with silver.

GALLA-WATER.

There's braw braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla-water.
But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla-water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae nae meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla-water.
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

"Braw braw Lads of Galla-water" is the name of an ancient song, of which too little remains, and even that little seems of a mingled yarn.

Braw braw lads of Galla-water,
Braw braw lads of Galla-water;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

A merrier eye, a whiter foot,
Ne'er shone, and ne'er was wet in water,
As had the lass who followed me,
In fair moonlight, through Galla-water.

I imagine that the original song celebrated the bravery of the young men from the banks of the Galla, a district which sent to the field many gallant warriors. The song of Burns is sweet, but the air is sweeter still; and who can hope to match with suitable words the divinest of all the airs of Caledonia?

MARY.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the heavens to be true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand!
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us,
The hour, and the moment o' time!

Of this song Burns says, "In my early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. You must know that all my earlier love songs were the breathings of ardent passion; and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish to me, whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their simplicity was, as they say of wines, their race."

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

While larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among
Chance led me there:

Sweet to the opening day, ''
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
Him who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair!

"Phillis the fair" was no imaginary lady with a pastoral name, but Miss Phillis Macmurdo of Drumlanrig, a young lady of great accomplishments, on whom Clarke, the friend of Burns, lavished many praises, and the poet himself another set of verses. She was sister to "Bonnie Jean." He wrote another song to the same air—that song so full of pathetic reproach:

Had I a cave on some wild distant shore.

The heroine whose fickleness it laments was a Miss Stuart, and the forsaken hero was Alexander Cunningham, the poet's friend.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face is washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sa trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hoshen;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

A ditty which contained the chorus lines of this sprightly and graphic song was once well known among the peasantry. There was a slight but curious variation:

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a *bodle* for her.

The measure and value price which this little obsolete Scottish coin gives, is now less easily understood than formerly; and a button supplies its place, and illustrates the worth of Willie's spouse as near as metal can come. Willie Wastle occurs in some old vaunting rhymes:

I'm Willie o' the Wastle;
I'll bide in my castle;
And a' the dogs i' your town
Canna ding my castle down.

Who the unhappy Willie Wastle of Burns was, is of no importance to know, and it is in vain to inquire; for perhaps Linkumdoddie and tinkler Madgie never had a name and local habitation except in song.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The pleasant past and melancholy present are mingled by Burns very touchingly in this song. Of Mary Campbell, to the remembrance of whose charms this lyric is attributed, much has been said; but if truth could be separated from fiction, I imagine little would still be known. The story of the poet and his love standing on each side of a small brook, and laving their hands in the stream, and vowing eternal fidelity over the bible, has been told by Mr. Cromek, a zealous inquirer into all matters illustrative of the poet's verse and personal history; and it is certainly very striking and romantic. The poet himself gives no embellished picture of their affection. "After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant

fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." During the first year of the poet's residence at Ellisland, when the anniversary of her death arrived, he was seized with extreme dejection and agitation of mind, and, retiring from his family, he threw himself down beside a corn-stack, and conceived this pathetic song to Mary in Heaven.

ANNIE.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till, 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I kenn'd her heart was a' my ain;
I loved her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly,
She aye shall bliss that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin;
I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear;
I hae been happy thinkin:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

The air of the "Corn-rigs," to which Burns composed this song, had, in earlier times, the burthen to bear of very rude and very ridiculous verses:

There was a piper had a cow,
And he had nought to give her;
He took his pipes and play'd a spring,
And bade the cow consider:
The cow consider'd very well,
And gave the piper a penny
To play the same tune o'er again,
Corn rigs are bonnie.

The choice of the cow is very natural. The old song escaped the research of Herd, and the clutch of Johnson.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

Tradition has bestowed on the ancient John Anderson of Scottish song the lucrative situation of piper to the town of Kelso; no wonder, therefore, that we find him listening to the invitation of a Kelso dame to partake of a sheep's-head pie. The old verses which introduce

honest John to our notice are rude and graphic. The reformers inoculated them with a controversial and satiric meaning, and took them into the service of the kirk:—see how they tear off the scarlet robes from the Roman lady.

John Anderson my jo, John,
Come in as ye come by,
And ye shall get a sheep's head
Weel baken in a pie;
Weel baken in a pie, John,
A haggis in a pat;
John Anderson my jo, John,
Come in and yese get that.

And how do ye do, cummer—
How have ye thriven—
And how many bairns have ye?
Quoth the cummer, seven.
Are they a' your ain gudeman's?
Quoth the cummer, na,
For five o' them were gotten
When he was far awa.

The two lawful bairns were Baptism and the Lord's Supper; the spurious progeny were Penance, Confirmation, Extreme unction, Ordination, and Marriage. Those five illegitimate bairns of the scarlet lady were all rejected by the reformers.

PEGGY ALISON.

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am!
I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure,
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure!

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever;
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

The name of Peggy Alison gives an air of truth and reality to this little warm and affectionate song, which the classical name of Chloe, Chloris, or Daphne, would fail to bestow. We imagine that the heroine has lived and breathed among us, and repaid the admiration of the poet by a smile and a salute—but we have no such lively feeling concerning the ladies of pastoral romance. The song is by Burns, and one of his early compositions.

CHEROKEE INDIAN DEATH SONG.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors; your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast; ye exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone:
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain!

The original power and happy genius of this song are universally felt. The tranquil heroism, the calm endurance and dignity of nature of the son of Alknomook; take possession of our hearts: we cannot forget,

if we would, the savage hero whose virtues the Muse of Campbell has dashed off in one happy line:

A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.

It is the composition of Anne Home, wife of the celebrated John Hunter, and sister to Sir Everard Home, Bart.

THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star!—to love and lovers dear;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear;
Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,—
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry night—
Her rays can never vie with thine.
Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring, bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.
Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain;
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
But sweeter to be lov'd again.

A poetic mind of no common order perished when John Leyden, the author of this pretty ode, died in the East. A slow and consuming illness seized upon him, and his laborious mind and conscientious heart would not allow his body proper repose. His happiest moments were when he recalled the hills and streams of his native Tiviotdale to his fancy. Sir John Malcolm, a countryman and a man of genius, sat down by his bed-side, and read him a letter from Scotland describing the enthusiasm of the volunteers of Liddisdale—summoned from their sleep by sound of drum and beacon-light—marching against an imaginary enemy, to the warlike border air of "Wha dare meddle wi' me"—Leyden's face kindled; he started up, and, with strange melody and wild gesticulation, sang aloud—

Wha dare meddle wi' me?
Wha dare meddle wi' me?

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie;
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
Gude-day to you, brute! he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness came up the house staukin—
The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!
Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

How much the old song of "Tam Glen" lent to the conception of the new it is now in vain to inquire; for the ancient strain has fairly passed away, and the name only remains behind. Burns submitted his song to his brother Gilbert as the work of the eldern Muse, and heard its naïveté warmly praised before he acknowledged it for his own offspring. It seems ordained indeed that the lady should become Mrs. Glen—fate and affection formed an alliance far too strong for the blandishments of Lowrie the laird, or the counsel of aunts, or the admonition of mothers. The first four lines of the concluding verse are emblazoned with the superstition and the simplicity of old Scotland.

CHLORIS.

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.
The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine!
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tisna love like mine.

The beauty of Chloris has added many charms to Scottish song; but that which has increased the reputation of the poet has lessened the fame of the man. Chloris was one of those ladies who believed in the dispensing power of beauty, and thought that love should be under no demure restraint, and own no law but that of nature. Burns sometimes thought in the same way himself; and it is not wonderful therefore that the poet should celebrate the charms of a liberal lady who was willing to reward his strains, and who gave him many nocturnal opportunities of catching inspiration from her presence.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

O wha is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
No lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
No lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her, by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted:
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
No lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;—
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
No lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

This song was found among the manuscripts of Burns —the air of "Morag," to which it is sung, the poet was passionately fond of. The chorus is an encumbrance, as all choruses are; but here I cannot dispense with it, for the continuation of the sense requires its presence. The chorus, in lyric composition, is capable of great diversity. The story and the sentiment of the song might be infused into it.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,

The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithly singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

"The Young Highland Rover" is imagined to have been Prince Charles Stuart. Burns was inoculated with Jacobitism during his northern tour, and his Muse in one of her retrospective fits conceived the present song. The Stuarts have all gone down in sorrow to the grave; and over their unhappy dust the delicate benevolence of George the Fourth has placed a noble monument.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations, swith awa!
Reif randies I disown ye!

"Louis, what reck I by thee?" is one of the shortest and happiest of all the lyrics of Burns. It is an early composition: the King of France was on his tottering throne, Geordie was reigning on his ocean, and Jean was in the bloom of youth, when the poet owned her love for his law, took her bosom for his throne, and did homage. Geordie still reigns on his ocean, and none of the four winds of heaven can waft an enemy against him who can brave him for a moment.

LAST MAY, A BRAW WOOER.

Last May, a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me:
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spake o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean:
But Gude forgie me for lying, for lying,
But Gude forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speer'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet—
Gude save us! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
Gude save us! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

The old song of "The Queen of the Lothians came cruising to Fife" had some share in the composition of this admirable lyric. It furnished the measure, the subject, and the general outline of the story; but it is bald, meagre, and unembellished; there are no sallies of

wit, no seasonings of humour, and no varieties of incident in it. The conclusion can bear quoting:—

The mither cried butt the house, Jockie! come here,
Ye've naething to do but the question to speer:
The question was speered, and the bargain was struck,
The neighbours came in and wished them good luck.

Dalgarnock, now incorporated with Closeburn, was the name of a small and beautiful little parish, extending along the banks of the Nith; its ruined kirk and lonesome burial ground are often visited by the old people of the neighbourhood—human affection clings anxiously to paternal dust. It was here that "Old Mortality" was found repairing the martyr's tombstones; and in the vicinity is Creehope-linn, which gave many a Cameronian shelter, and afforded refuge to Burley when he fought single-handed with Satan. Burns, in the course of his song, employs a proverbial expression in a way which persuades me that he did not understand it. When a lady dismisses her lover, the unfortunate swain is called her "auld shoon"—she wore him while she pleased, and then put him off. For one girl to wear the "auld shoon" of another is, in the rude figurative language of the peasantry, to accept the addresses of the other's discarded lover. In this way the vaunt in an old song is explained:—

Ye may tell the coof that gets her,
How he gets but my auld shoon.

In Burns, the first inquiry of the lady for her cousin Bess is sufficiently malicious:—

I speer'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin.

But the next question is utterly unintelligible—"and how her new shoon suited her shauchled feet"—unless we suppose that she meant to insinuate only that the feet of her cousin were "shauchled," or ill formed. By a slight alteration, I have made the line allude satirically to her cousin's situation with the discarded lover; and I imagine I have restored it to the sense which Burns intended.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST?

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea?
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

In Burns's manuscripts, among which this sweet little song was found, it is called "Address to a Lady." The repetitions of the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth lines of each verse make it echo the air of "The Lass of Livingstone."

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

Burns was a zealous lover of his country, and has stamped his patriotic feelings on many a lasting verse.

He was dazzled indeed with the first bright outburst of the French Revolution, and hailed in common with millions of men the fabric of an old and formidable despotism, crumbled at the touch of national liberty. But he lived not to see a martial tyranny aspiring to universal conquest—filling the world with bloodshed, and teaching the rights of man with bayonet and cannon. Had he seen this, he would have loved liberty more fondly, since he saw she was a native of his own glens and hills; and he would have poured out patriotic songs to inspire us both by land and wave.

BANKS OF THE DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!

And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Of the origin of "The Banks of the Devon," Burns says, "These verses were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James Adair, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gawin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr, but was residing when I wrote these lines at Harveyston in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon." To this lady Burns addressed a dozen of his finest letters, which, in an hour of carelessness or vexation, were committed to the fire.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no better return?

When Prince Charles Stuart saw that utter ruin had fallen on all those who loved him and fought for him—that the axe and the cord were busy with their persons, and that their wives and children were driven desolate, he is supposed by Burns to have given utterance to his feelings in this touching lament.

O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carry;
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.
O are ye sleeping, Maggie?
O are ye sleeping, Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring at the warlock craigie.

Fearfu' soughs the boortree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
Loud the iron yate does clank,
And cry o' howlets makes me eerie.
Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady!

She opt the door, she let him in,
He coost aside his dreeping plaidie:
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.
Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boortree bank, or warlock craigie!

The "Sleeping Maggie" of our ancestors was a song of a very different stamp from this little clever lyric by Tannahill. It abounded in images of rustic mirth and enjoyment; and the language which embodied them was not the most select. Of the song nothing exists but the name; but the name is sure to survive as long as the people of Dumfriesshire continue to dance: for "Sleeping Maggie" is a favourite tune when the barn-floor is swept, the youths and maidens are assembled, and the fiddler slants his cheek over the strings.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.

There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,
Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna.

It was seldom that Burns strained and laboured to express love and rapture; but here his Muse taxes herself to three verses of song, rather as a penance than a pleasure. I believe, however, that Anna with the golden locks was no imaginary person: like the dame in the old song, "She brewed gude ale for gentlemen;" and while she served the bard with a pint of wine, allowed her customer leisure to admire her, "as hostler wives should do." The "Lass with the gowden locks" was a liberal lady, like th "Lassie with the lintwhite locks." A note imputed to Burns in the Museum says, "I think this is the best love song I ever composed." If the poet wrote this, I am sorry for it. I hope that the words are apocryphal; and I believe they are.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie!
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Would make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

In the notes on Johnson's Museum, Burns claims all this song as his composition except the first four lines. It is written to the old air, called "The silver tassie," and has more of the chivalrous ballad style about it than what was customary with the poet. He seldom went back into old times and old feelings: he stamped off the passing spirit of the moment with unequalled vigour; the vision of ancient war which the hero saw at Berwick-law came not frequently upon his fancy.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin to me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flie:
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

"Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," owes its poetry to Burns, and its tune to John Bruce, a musician of Dumfries, an admirable fiddler, a vehement Jacobite, and a fiery highlander. An old song of the same name once existed: the title was more peculiarly Scottish, "Whistle, and I'll come *till* ye, my lad;" and it seems to have lent the chorus and the character to the present song. Burns amended the fourth line thus:

Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad;

and he vindicates the alteration. "A dame whom the graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the loves have armed with lightning,—a fair one—herself the heroine of the song, insists on the amendment—and dispute her commands if you dare!" I have restored the original line. Jeanie's taste was sometimes as incorrect as the poet's love.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O wha my babie-clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the faut?
Wha will buy my groanin-maut?
Wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will make me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

To illustrate this song I ought to make a drawing of the "stool of repentance," and place Burns upon it, appearing to listen with a grave if not with a repentant spirit, while inwardly resolving to resent this moral discipline in satiric verse. The poet wrote and sent the song to a young lady whom he had furnished with a very good reason for singing

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

NANCY.

Thine am I; my faithful fair,
  Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
  Ev'ry roving fancy.
To thy bosom lay my heart,
  There to throb and languish:
Though despair had wrung its core,
  That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
  Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
  Lest I die with pleasure.
What is life when wanting love?
  Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
  Nature gay adorning.

In autumn, his propitious season for song, Burns wrote this lyric: the first verse is in his own impassioned and vigorous way; the second is more delicate and feeble. Like many writers of love songs, he sometimes went to a sacred source for his sentiments; but the simple beauty of "Take away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me," has not been improved either by Burns or Thomson.

THE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA'.

O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae ane will take my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he gae to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa'.

Nothing can well surpass the artless, the simple, and pathetic complaint of this deserted lady. The starting verse alone is old: all the rest came fresh from Burns's heart and imagination; and it must sink into every heart that sings or reads it.

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a';
  Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart:
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw;
  In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
  The mountain-fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
  And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
  Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha show'd himself a better man,
  Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
  When through the glen the wand'rer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
  I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be cantie, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,
Anither's ay hae heart to feel,
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

This "Good night" was written by Sir Alexander Boswell, and it catches the spirit and seizes a stray line from an old song which began and ended with the same words. Burns wrote masonic verses to the air; but masonic songs are of too dark and mystic a nature to be felt by an unenlightened multitude; and I must consign all such compositions to the exclusive use of the "Children of light," the "Brethren of the mystic level."

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang:
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam' in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to've gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

The natural mixture of sorrow and satire in this little song makes it one of the happiest of the many lyric compositions of Burns. His studied and elaborate efforts were directed to the embellishment of the truly splendid work of George Thomson, while his more hasty, and, it must not be disguised, less discreet sallies were dedicated to the service of an humbler production—the Museum. But some of those hasty things are conceived in the poet's happiest manner; and they who look into Johnson will see many gems of antique verse, many native pearls of price, and many pieces of virgin gold glittering before them. The fickleness of a lady of the name of Stuart occasioned this song. She had deserted the poet's friend.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea—
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the hawtree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling e'e:
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the hawtree:
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips and sweeter than roses—
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature,
She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e:
Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
Defend ye fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.

Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—
Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
Is it my true love here that I see?
O Jamie forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

"Mary of Castle-cary" has been admired as one of our first-rate songs. But no song that Hector Macneill ever wrote has any right to such a distinction. Still it is one of the author's best songs: the story is indeed improbable; but the language is happy, and the narrative dramatic. I wish the poet had called down the cloud of night to assist the indiscreet maiden in her deception. The quick eye and the acute ear of love are too keen not to have penetrated through the disguise. Yet I like much the swaggering presumption of the lass of Castle-cary, and the honourable disbelief and passion of her admirer.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shalt ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wiltna be my ain,
Sayna thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

The old song of the "Sutor's daughter," which lends its air to these beautiful verses, gave no other aid to the poet. By many of the admirers of the old songs, Burns has been accused of misleading the current of ancient verse into a channel of his own—of turning the mirthful into the serious, and the gay into the pathetic. If



what he found woollen he converted into silk; if to a velvet sleeve he added a velvet garment; and if he plaited the tresses and lowered the nether garments of the antique Scottish Muse, he rendered an acceptable service to his country.—He has done all this, and much more.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

When Burns received an extensive order for songs for the work of Thomson, he seems to have laid all his earlier affections, all his domestic love, and all the beauty in the district under contribution for rosie cheeks, blue eyes, shining tresses, and beautiful shapes. His choice was sometimes happy, and often injudicious: some of his heroines were well worthy of his Muse; others cannot be remembered without lamenting the infirmity of the poet's taste: their names I am willing to forget; for who would wish to know to what prostituted shape a Canova or a Chantrey are indebted for the exquisite

forms with which they have endowed marble? The Muse has in this indiscriminate choice mingled ranks together; for poesie, as well as love, is a leveller: she has also linked the virtuous with the vile; for poesie has her sensual feelings and her grosser regards: she has also preferred the couch of purchased pleasure to the pure bed of wedlock. This is in exceeding bad taste; for though she sips ethereal nectar nigh the stars, and stoops at midnight to quaff a gross and forbidden cup, it is unwise to sing openly of her own impurity, and lend to her shame the unwearied wings of lyric verse. Of Highland Mary I have spoken before: she was the poet's love before he was well ripened into manhood; and she died too early to save him by her sense and her spirit from those courses of indulgence, the offspring of disappointed hope.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' of care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn:
Thou mindst me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
When ilka bird sang of its luve,
And fondly sae did I of mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Burns wrote an earlier and more simple version of the "Banks of Doon," which is printed in the Reliques, and I certainly prefer it to the present copy. But it would be unwise to seek to divorce the song from the fine air to which it is united. Other verses have been added which I have omitted; they are not by Burns—who can mistake water for wine?

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Ye gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimpy lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

The "Bonnie Ann" of this song is the daughter of Allan Masterton, one of the early friends of Burns, and the wife of John Derbyshire, Esq. a surgeon in London. The Muse of the poet was ever ready at the call of beauty or friendship—and here the call was double.

I AM A SON OF MARS.

I am a son of Mars,
Who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars
Wherever I come;
This here was for a wench,
And that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French
At the sound of the drum.

My prenticeship I past
Where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast
On the heights of Abra'm:
I served out my trade
When the gallant game was played,
And the Moro low was laid
At the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis
Among the floating batteries,
And there I left for witness
An arm and a limb.
Yet let my country need me,
With Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps
At the sound of the drum.

And now, though I must beg,
With a wooden arm and leg,
And wi' mony a tatter'd rag
Hanging over my bum;
I'm as happy with my wallet,
My bottle and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet
To follow the drum.

What, though with hoary locks,
I must stand the winter shocks

Beneath the woods and rocks,
Oftentimes for a home;
When the tother bag I sell,
And the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell
At the sound of the drum.

In the house of "Posie Nancie," a liberal hostler-wife in Kilmarnock, Burns gathered together, in imagination, one Saturday night, a band of mendicants, to "toom their powks and pawn their duds," and drink, and drab, and act in character. Nothing can exceed the life and gaiety, and wild naïveté of the whole performance. The festive vagrants are all distinguished from each other by their personal appearance, and by the way in which they take up their parts in the living drama of vulgar life. They all resemble each other, however, in their open defiance of social order and decorum, and in their wish of enjoying the world in common, and their open scorn of the law, the kirk, and the king. It is, perhaps, the bitterest satire ever written on the wild principles of animal liberty which the French Revolution made popular; which made many a lady a mother without the constraint of wedlock, and sought to introduce a free and tolerant system of intercourse between the sexes. To this motley crowd a maimed soldier, with his knapsack on his back, and his doxy in his arms, chants this song of his own adventures, and I know not where to find the like specimen of military licence and animation.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e.
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bloody clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bloody man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

It has been often said, though probably not written, that, in some half dozen of songs, Burns surpasses all other lyric poets. For my own part, I think this pre-eminence may as well be claimed for twenty as for six; and among either of the selections I should have little hesitation in placing his Lass of Inverness. It is not what critics call a catching or dashing song, but it has a tone of subdued sorrow, inexpressibly mournful:

the heroine reproaches the author of her woes with a pathetic gentleness; and she brings tears to eyes which more clamorous or passionate grief would fail to moisten.

VISION OF LIBERTY.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;
The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky,
The fox was howling on the hill—
The distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.
The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as won.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moon-beam, shook to see

A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.
Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain
The sacred posy—Libertie.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!
He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times:
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

For the splendid vision which the imagination of Burns evoked from the ground he was probably unable to find a strain sublime and lofty enough: the song of freedom has, therefore, remained unsung. He seems to have begun his verses without any precise aim, and the phantom to have arisen on him as he proceeded. Was ever a song of that stamp loaded with so dissimilar a chorus?

A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea,—
In the bloody wars they fa', and our honour's gane and a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.

The poet, too, has resorted to a common and clumsy mode of letting us into the mystery of his Spirit, by printing "liberty" on the head-gear; like Rubens, with his Virtues rowing the boat to Mary of Medici, with their names in labels at their sides. It is, however, a noble production. When the Minstrel Spirit of Liberty wept his former day, I cannot be sure to what period he refers; did he think on the time when the voluptuous nuns were expelled for sinning against their vows, by the stern Lord Douglas? It seems probable that the scene was not laid in Lincluden College, but in Sweetheart Abbey. The wall-flower and the ivy, the distant Nith, and the fox howling on his hill, all belong to the latter. On the former there is no ivy—no wall-flower scents the air—the hill is too remote to hear the cry of the fox, and Nith is within a good stone cast. But the Muse might array the one in the costume of the other.

SONGS

OF

LIVING LYRIC POETS.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting geer,
Broad-swords and targes.
Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar.

Come, as the winds come, when
Forests are rended:
Come, as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come;
Faster and faster:
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather:
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Now for the onset!

HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And, furious, every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riv'n;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driv'n;
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens.—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high :
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free ;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners !
The wind is wakening loud.
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

PULL AWAY, JOLLY BOYS.

JAMES HOGG.

Here we go upon the tide,
Pull away, jolly boys,
With heaven for our guide,
Pull away.

Here's a weather-beaten tar,
Britain's glory still his star,
He has borne her thunders far;
Pull away, jolly boys,
To yon gallant man of war,
Pull away.

We've with Nelson ploughed the main,
Pull away, jolly boys,
Now his signal flies again,
Pull away.
Brave hearts, then let us go,
To drub the haughty foe,
Who once again shall know,
Pull away, jolly boys,
That our backs we never show,
Pull away.

We have fought, and we have sped,
Pull away, gallant boys,
Where the rolling wave was red,
Pull away.
We've stood many a mighty shock,
Like the thunder-stricken oak,
We've been bent, but never broke,
Pull away, gallant boys;
We ne'er brooked a foreign yoke,
Pull away.

Here we go upon the deep,
Pull away, gallant boys,

O'er the ocean let us sweep,
Pull away.
Round the earth our glory rings,
At the thought my bosom springs,
That where'er our pennant swings,
Pull away, gallant boys,
Of the ocean we're the kings,
Pull away.

WELCOME BAT AND OWLET GRAY.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

O welcome bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by;
And welcome shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep!
O welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is in the dewy air,
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound
That steals along the stilly ground.

O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour!
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night!

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The sun is sunk, the day is done,
E'en stars are setting one by one;
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out the pleasures of the day;
And since, in social glee's despite,
It needs must be, Good night, good night!

The bride into her bower is sent,
And ribald rhyme and jesting spent;
The lover's whisper'd words and few
Have bade the bashful maid adieu;
The dancing-floor is silent quite,
No foot bounds there, Good night, good night!

The lady in her curtain'd bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,

The clansmen in the heather'd hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!
We part in hope of days as bright
As this now gone, Good night, good night!

Sweet sleep be with us one and all;
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night!

LOW GERMANIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

As I sail'd past green Jura's isle,
Among the waters lone,
I heard a voice—a sweet low voice,
Atween a sigh and moan:
With ae babe at her bosom, and
Another at her knee,
A mother wail'd the bloody wars
In Low Germanie.

Oh woe unto these cruel wars
That ever they began,
For they have swept my native isle
Of many a pretty man:

For first they took my brethren twain,
Then wiled my love frae me.
Woe, woe unto the cruel wars
In Low Germanie

I saw him when he sail'd away,
And furrow'd far the brine;
And down his foes came to the shore,
In many a glittering line:
The war-steeds rush'd amang the waves,
The guns came flashing free,
But could nae keep my gallant love
From Low Germanie.

Oh say, ye maidens, have ye seen,
When swells the battle cry,
A stately youth with bonnet blue
And feather floating high,—
An eye that flashes fierce for all,
But ever mild to me?—
Oh that's the lad who loves me best
In Low Germanie.

Where'er the cymbal's sound is heard,
And cittern sweeter far,—
Where'er the trumpet blast is blown,
And horses rush to war;
The blithest at the banquet board,
And first in war is he,
The bonnie lad, whom I love best,
In Low Germanie.

I sit upon the high green land,
  When mute the waters lie,
And think I see my true-love's sail
  Atween the sea and sky.
With ae bairn at my bosom, and
  Another at my knee,
I sorrow for my soldier lad
  In Low Germanie.

NORA'S VOW.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Hear what highland Nora said:
The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands, both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son.

A maiden's vows, old Callum spoke,
Are lightly made and lightly broke.
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;

Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son.

The swan, she said, the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly:
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river,
To shun the clash of foeman's steel
No highland brogue has turned the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
She's wedded to the Earlie's son.

LOGAN BRAES.

JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
But waes my heart, thae days are gane,
And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or whan its mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane—
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner dowie and forlane;
I sit alane, beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.
O! cou'd I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Belov'd by friends, rever'd by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

THE SAILOR'S LADY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come busk you gallantlie,
Busk and make you ready,
Maiden, busk and come,
And be a sailor's lady.
The foamy ocean's ours,
From Hebride to Havannah,
And thou shalt be my queen,
And reign upon it, Anna.

See my bonnie ship,
So stately and so steady;
Thou shalt be my queen,
And she maun be my lady:
The west wind in her wings,
The deep sea all in motion,
Away she glorious goes,
And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,
From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon;
The Bourbon flowers grow pale
When I hang out my pennon;

I'll win thee gold and gems,
With pike and cutlass clashing,
With all my broad sails set,
And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see
The golden islands glowing,
Come with me and hear
The flocks of India lowing:
Thy fire shall be of spice,
The dews of eve drop manna,
Thy chamber floor of gold,
And men adore thee, Anna.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my fore-fathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me,
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,

Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers—Erin go Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!

SATURDAY'S SUN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O Saturday's sun sinks down with a smile
On one who is weary and worn with his toil!—
Warmer is the kiss which his kind wife receives,
Fonder the look to his bonnie bairns he gives;
His gude mother is glad, though her race is nigh run,
To smile wi' the weans at the setting of the sun:
The voice of prayer is heard, and the holy psalm tune,—
Wha wadna be glad when the sun gangs down?

Thy cheeks, my leal wife, may not keep the ripe glow
Of sweet seventeen, when thy locks are like snow;
Though the sweet blinks of love are most flown frae
thy e'e,
Thou art fairer and dearer than ever to me.
I mind when I thought that the sun didna shine
On a form half so fair or a face so divine;

Thou wert woo'd in the parlour, and sought in the ha';
I came and I won thee frae the wit of them a'.

My hame is my mailen, weel stocket and fu',
My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I lo'e;
My wife is the gold and delight of my ee,
And worth a whole lordship of mailens to me.
O, who would fade away like a flower in the dew,
And no leave a sprout for kind Heaven to pu'?
Who would rot 'mang the mools like the stump of a tree,
Wi' nae shoots the pride of the forest to be?

'MONG SCOTIA'S GLENS.

JAMES HOGG.

'Mong Scotia's glens and mountains blue,
Where Gallia's lilies never grew,
Where Roman eagles never flew,
Nor Danish lions rallied;
Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,
Where roves the stately, nimble deer,
There live the lads to freedom dear,
By foreign yoke ne'er galled.

There woods grow wild on every hill;
There freemen wander at their will;

Sure Scotland will be Scotland still,
While hearts so brave defend her.
Fear not, our sov'reign liege, they cry,
'We've flourish'd fair beneath thine eye;
For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,
Nor aught but life surrender.

Since thou hast watch'd our every need,
And taught our navies wide to spread,
The smallest hair from thy gray head
No foreign foe shall sever:
Thy honour'd age in peace to save,
The sternest host we'll dauntless brave,
Or stem the fiercest Indian wave,
Nor heart nor hand shall waver.

Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,
While Scotia's noble blood runs warm
Our good old man we'll guard from harm,
Or fall in heaps around him.
Although the Irish harp were won,
And England's roses all o'er-run,
'Mong Scotia's glens, with sword and gun,
We'll form a bulwark round him.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Why weep ye by the tide, ladye—
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale:
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you the foremost of them a',
Shall ride our forest queen—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And knight and dame are there:
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladye was not seen—
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

THE HAMEWARD SONG.

HUGH AINSLIE.

Each whirl of the wheel,
Each step brings me nearer
The hame of my youth—
Every object grows dearer.
Thae hills and thae huts,
And thae trees on that green,
Losh! they glowre in my face
Like some kindly auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social
As gif they would crack,
And the sang of the bird
Seems to welcome me back.
O, dear to our hearts
Is the hand that first fed us,
And dear is the land
And the cottage that bred us.

And dear are the comrades
With whom we once sported,
And dearer the maiden
Whose love we first courted:
Joy's image may perish,
E'en grief die away,
But the scenes of our youth
Are recorded for ay.

AWAKE, MY LOVE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Awake, my love! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray;
Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew;
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs;

Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake!

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes and clasp'd her shoon,
And from her home by Preston burn
Came forth, the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropt, now lowne, now hush—
The gold-spink answered from the bush—
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery grey,
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lovely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon caroling lark?
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warms its wild note with nuptial love—
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

THE POET'S MORNING.

JAMES HOGG.

Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken!
Over gorse, green broom, and braken,
From her sieve of silken blue,
Dawning sifts her silver dew;
Hangs the emerald on the willow,
Lights her lamp below the billow,
Bends the brier and branchy braken—
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken!

Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken!
Deep the morn her draught has taken
Of the babbling rivulet sheen,
Far beyond the Ochel green;
From her gauzy veil on high,
Trills the laverock's melody;
Round and round, from glen and grove,
Pour a thousand hymns to love.

The quail harps loud amid the clover,
From the mountain whirrs the plover;
Bat has hid, and heath-cock crowed,
Courser neigh'd, and cattle lowed;

Swifter still the dawn advances,
In the light the wood-fly dances;
See, the sun is on the billow—
Rouse thee, slumberer, from thy pillow!

Wake thee—life is but a day,
Gay its morn, and short as gay;
Day of evil—day of sorrow,
Hope, bright hope, can paint no morrow;
Noon shall find thee faint and weary,
Night shall find thee pale and dreary—
Rise, O rise! to toil betake thee—
Wake thee, drowsy slumberer, wake thee.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Cauld winter is awa', my love,
And spring is in her prime;
The breath of Heaven stirs a' to life,
The grasshoppers to chime.
The birds canna contain themsel's
Upon the sprouting tree,
But loudlie, loudlie sing of love:
A theme which pleaseth me.

The blackbird is a pawky loon,
An' kens the gate of love;
Fu' weel the sleekit mavis kens
The melting lilt maun move.
The gowdspink woos in gentle note,
And ever singeth he,
Come here, come here, my spousal dame!—
A theme which pleaseth me.

What says the sangster rose-linnet?
His breast is beating high,
Come here, come here, my ruddie mate,
The way of love to try!
The lavrock calls his freckled mate,
Frae near the sun's ee-bree,
Make on the knowe, our nest, my love!—
A theme which pleaseth me.

The hares hae brought forth twins, my love,
Sae has the cushat doo;
The raven croaks a softer way,
His sooty love to woo:
And nought but love, love breathes around
Frae hedge, frae field, and tree,
Soft whispering love to Jeanie's heart:
A theme which pleaseth me.

O lassie! is thy heart mair hard
Than mavis on the bough;

Say, maun the hale creation wed,
And Jean remain to woo?
Say, has the holie lowe of love
Ne'er lighten'd in your ee?
O! if thou canstna feel for pain,
Thou art nae theme for me!

THE BLACK COCK.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Good morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!
I see thee slily cowering through
That wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air
Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who, peeping from her early bower,
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
Her braided hair and morning smile.
The rarest things, with wayward will,
Beneath the covert hide them still;
The rarest things, to light of day
Look shortly forth and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight
I sunn'd me in her cheering sight;
And short, I ween, the term will be
That I shall parley hold with thee.
Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day,
The climbing herd-boy chants his lay;
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring—
Thou art already on the wing.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my true love,
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd:
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding and low, on the heath, she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war.

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of thy wounded Hussar?

Thou shalt live, she replied: Heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn.
Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving;
No light of the morn shall to Henry return:
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!—
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur, Adieu!
When he sank in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar.

ROLAND CHEYNE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The sun upon a summer morn,
The dark cloud when it snows,
The woods all in their fragrant leaves,
The green grass as it grows,
Are fair to see—yet fairer far
Seems ocean's simmering brine,
Through which comes sailing thy good ship,
My gallant Roland Cheyne.

I saw the gloomy ocean laugh,
As suns laugh in April;
I saw thy canvas catch the breeze
With more of sigh than smile.
And, Oh! my heart leap'd like to burst
My silken laces nine,
As I lost sight of thy good ship,
My gallant Roland Cheyne.

All by the salt sea-wave I sat—
And as its snowy foam
Sang at my foot, I sigh'd, and said,
O when wilt thou come home!
Brown are the giddy dames of France,
And swarthy those of Spain;
Old Scotland's maids are lily white—
Return, my Roland Cheyne.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART.

The tears I shed must ever fall,
I mourn not for an absent swain;
For thoughts may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er;
And those they loved their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand removed,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb:
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy;
The flatt'ring veil is rent aside;
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once ting'd in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.
E'en time itself despairs to cure
Those pangs to ev'ry feeling due;

Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
To win a heart—and break it too.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart.
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected and neglecting all;
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.

THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.

Amang the birks sae blythe an' gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chauntit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn;
On ilka howm the sward was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit bra',
An gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out owre the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
An' fragrance wing'd alang the lea,

As down we sat the flowers amang,
  Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
  An' saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawin coost a glimmerin e'e
  Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,
  It isna goud, it isna gear,
This lifted e'e wad hae, quoth I,
  The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer
But gie to me my Julia dear,
  Ye powers wha rowe this yirthen ba',
An' O! sae blythe thro' life I'll steer,
  Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,
  An' our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
  That owre the muir meand'ring rowes;
Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,
  My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
  The hills an' dales o' Gallowa'.

An' whan auld Scotland's heathy hills,
  Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
Her flow'ry wilds an' wimpling rills,
  Awake nae mair my canty strains;

Whare friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,
Whare heather blooms an' muircocks craw,
O! dig my grave, and hide my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

ADELGITHA.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, deliver'd from the danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove,
Seek not, she cried, O gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love!

For he is in a foreign far land,
Whose arm should now have set me free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead, or false to me.

Nay, say not that his faith is tainted!—
He raised his visor—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted—
It was indeed her own true knight.

GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Go seek in the wild glen
  Where streamlets are falling,
Go seek on the lone hill
  Where curlews are calling,
Go seek when the clear stars
  Shine down without number,
For there will ye find him
  My true love in slumber.

They sought in the wild glen—
  The glen was forsaken;
They sought on the mountain,
  'Mang lang lady-bracken;
And sore, sore they hunted
  My true love to find him,
With the strong bands of iron
  To fetter and bind him.

Yon green hill I'll give thee,
  Where the falcon is flying,
To show me the den where
  This bold traitor's lying—

O make me of Nithsdale's
Fair princedom the heiress,
Is that worth one smile of
My gentle Hugh Herries?

The white bread, the sweet milk,
And ripe fruits I found him,
And safe in my fond arms
I clasp'd and I wound him;
I warn you go not where
My true lover tarries,
For sharp smites the sword of
My gentle Hugh Herries.

They rein'd their proud war-steeds,
Away they went sweeping,
And behind them dames wail'd, and
Fair maidens went weeping;
But deep in yon wild glen,
'Mang banks of blae-berries,
I dwell with my loved one,
My gentle Hugh Herries.

THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh no! sad and slow!
I hear nae welcome sound,
The shadow of our trysting bush
It wears sae slowly round.

My sheep-bell tinkles from the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Ah no! sad and slow!
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill with clacking din;
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
Oh no! sad and slow!
These are nae sounds for me;

The shadow of our trysting bush
It creeps sae drearilie.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam
A snood o' bonnie blue,
And promised, when our trysting cam,
To tye it round her brow.
Oh no! sad and slow!
The time it winna pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

Oh! now I see her on the way!
She's past the witches' knowe;
She's climbing up the brownie's brae—
My heart is in a lowe!
Oh no! 'tis not so!
'Tis glaumrie I hae seen;
The shadow of the hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,
Tho' conn'd wi' little skill,
When Colley barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill!
Oh, no! sad and slow!
The time will ne'er be gane;
The shadow of the trysting bush
Is fix'd like ony stane.

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for ance has bang'd the South;
The deil a Scotsman's die of drouth,
Carle, now the King's come!
Auld England held him lang and fast;
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;
But Scotland's turn is come at last—
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld Reikie, in her rokela gray,
Thought never to have seen the day;
He's been a weary time away—
But, Carle, now the King's come!
She's skirling frae the Castle-hill;
The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill
Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill,
Carle, now the King's come!

Up, bairns! she cries, baith grit and sma',
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!—
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a'!
Carle, now the King's come!

Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the metal of your sires,
Carle, now the King's come!

You're welcome hame, my Montague!
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;—
I'm missing some that I may rue,
Carle, now the King's come!
Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You've graced my causeway mony a day;
I'll weep the cause if you should stay,
Carle, now the King's come!

Come premier duke, and carry doun,
Frae yonder craig, his ancient croun;
It's had a lang sleep and a soun'—
But, Carle, now the King's come!
Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,
Bring down your clansmen like a cloud;—
Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood;
Carle, now the King's come!

Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;
Come, Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death;
Come, Clerk, and give yon bugle breath;
Carle, now the King's come!
Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;
Come, Roseberry, from Dalmeny shades;
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids;
Carle, now the King's come!

Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew;
We have ower few such lairds as you—
Carle, now the King's come!
King Arthur's grown a common crier,
He's heard in Fife and far Cantyre,
Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!
Carle, now the King's come!

Saint Abb roars out, I see him pass
Between Tantallon and the Bass!—
Calton, get out your keeking-glass,
Carle, now the King's come!
The Carline stopp'd; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta'en a dwam,
But Oman help'd her to a dram—
Carle, now the King's come!

DONALD MACDONALD.

JAMES HOGG.

My name it is Donald Macdonald,
I live in the Highlands so grand;
I've follow'd our banner, an' will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.

When ranked amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a';
An' is na the laddie weel aff,
Wha has brogues an' brochen an' a'?

Short syne we were wonderfu' cantie
Our friends an' our country to see;
But since the proud consul's grown vauntie,
We'll meet him by land or by sea.
Wherever a clan is disloyal,
Wherever our king has a foe,
He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,
Wi' his highlanders a' in a row.
Guns an' pistols an' a',
Pistols an' guns an' a';
He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,
Wi' guns an' pistols an' a'.

What though we befriendit young Charlie?
To tell it I dinna think shame;
Poor lad! he cam' to us but barely,
And reckon'd our mountains his hame.
'Tis true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day:
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.

Sword an' buckler an' a',
Buckler an' sword an' a,
For George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'.

An Oh! I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain,
For should he gie up the possession,
We'll soon hae to force them again:
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
Though it were my finishin' blow,
He aye may depend on Macdonald,
Wi's highlandmen all in a row.
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an' a':
Depend upon Donald Macdonald,
His knees an' elbows an' a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort-William,
Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;
I laugh when I think how we'll gall him
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane:
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy
We'll rattle him aff frae the shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairney,
And sing him Lochaber no more!
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan'
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,
An' Cameron will hurkle to nane.
The Stuart is sturdy and wannel,
An' sae is Macleod an' Mackay;
An' I their gude-brither Macdonald
Sall never be last in the fray.
Brogues an' brochen an a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a';
An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'.

THE THISTLE'S GROWN ABOON THE ROSE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Full white the Bourbon lily blows,
And fairer haughty England's rose;
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in lady's bower;
His crest, when high the soldier bears,
And spurs his courser on the spears,

O there it blossoms—there it blows,—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

Bright like a stedfast star it smiles
Aboon the battle's burning files;
The mirkest cloud, the darkest night,
Shall ne'er make dim that beauteous light;
And the best blood that warms my vein
Shall flow ere it shall catch a stain.
Far has it shone on fields of fame,
From matchless Bruce till dauntless Graeme,
From swarthy Spain to Siber's snows;—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

What conquer'd ay, what nobly spared,
What firm endured, and greatly dared?
What redden'd Egypt's burning sand?
What vanquish'd on Corunna's strand?
What pipe on green Maida blew shrill?
What dyed in blood Barossa hill?
Bade France's dearest life-blood rue
Dark Soignies and dread Waterloo?
That spirit which no terror knows;—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

I vow—and let men mete the grass
For his red grave who dares say less—
Men kinder at the festive board,
Men braver with the spear and sword,

Men higher famed for truth—more strong
In virtue, sovereign sense, and song,
Or maids more fair, or wives more true,
Than Scotland's, ne'er trode down the dew.
Round flies the song—the flagon flows,—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

THE NORMAN HORSESHOE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
The hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers with iron toil
Barb many a steed for battle's broil:
Foul fall the hand that bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle-horn;
And forth in banded pomp and pride
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.

They swore their banners broad should gleam
In crimson light on Rymney's stream;
They vowed Caerphilly's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymney's wave with crimson glows:
For Clare's red banner floating wide
Rolled down the stream to Severn's tide.
And sooth they vowed—the trampled green
Showed where hot Neville's charge had been;
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil:
Their orphans long the art may rue
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the tramp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there in early spring,
Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

SONG.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Tho' richer swains thy love pursue,
In Sunday gear and bonnets new;
And every fair before thee lay
Their silken gifts with colours gay:
They love thee not, alas! so well
As one who sighs and dare not tell;
Who haunts thy dwelling, night and noon,
In tatter'd hose, and clouted shoon.

I grieve not for my wayward lot,
My empty folds, my roofless cot;
Nor hateful pity, proudly shown,
Nor alter'd looks nor friendship flown;
Nor yet my dog with lanken sides,
Who by his master still abides;
But how will Nan prefer my boon,
In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon!

THE GREEN BOWERS OF BARGENY.

HUGH AINSLIE.

I left ye, Jeanie, blooming fair
'Mang the bourocks of Bargeny;
I've found ye on the banks of Ayr,
And sair ye're alter'd, Jeanie:
I left ye 'mang the woods sae green,
In rustic weed befitting;
I've found ye buskit like a queen,
In painted chambers sitting.

I left ye like a wanton lamb
That plays 'mang Haydart heather;
I've found ye now a sober dame,
A wife, and eke a mither.
Ye're fairer, statelier, I can see;
Ye're wiser, nae doubt, Jeanie;—
But Oh! I'd rather met wi' thee
'Mang the green bowers of Bargeny.

THE BROKEN HEART OF ANNIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Down yon green glen, in yon wee bower,
Lived fair and lovely Annie:
Ere she saw seventeen simmer suns,
She waxed wond'rous bonnie.
Young Lord Dalzell at her bower door
Had privily been calling,
When she grew faint, and sick of heart,
And moanings fill'd her dwalling.

I found her as a lily flower,
When dew hangs in its blossom,
Wet were her cheeks, and a sweet babe
Hung smiling at her bosom.
Such throbs ran through her frame, as seem'd
Her heart and soul to sever;
In no one's face she look'd—her bloom
Was fading—and for ever.

Thou hast thy father's smile, my babe,
Maids' eyes to dim with grieving,
His wyling glance, which woman's heart
Could fill with fond believing;

A voice that made his falsest vows
Seem breathings of pure heaven,
And get, from hearts which he had broke,
His injuries forgiven.

My false love came to me yestreen,
With words all steep'd in honey,
And kiss'd his babe, and said, Sweet wean,
Be as thy mother bonnie.
And out he pull'd a purse of gold,
With rings and rubies many—
I look'd at him, but could not speak,
Ye've broke the heart of Annie!

It's not thy gold and silver bright,
Thy words like dropping honey,
Thy silken scarfs, and bodice fine,
And caps all laced an' bonnie,
Can bring me back the peace I've tint,
Or heal the heart of Annie;
Speak to thy God of thy broken vows,
For thou hast broken many.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn, thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow;
The rose is budding fain;
But it shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.
He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said, Adieu! for evermore,
My love!
And, adieu, for evermore.

WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting spear.
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they—
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray;
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green:
Now we come to chant our lay—
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away:
We can show you where he lies—
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay:
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them, youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk?
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk:
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

MILES COLVINE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O mariner, O mariner,
When will our gallant men
Make our cliffs and woodlands ring
With their homeward hail agen?
Full fifteen paced the stately deck,
And fifteen stood below,
And maidens waved them from the shore
With hands more white than snow;
All underneath them flash'd the wave,
The sun laugh'd out aboon—
Will they come bounding homeward
By the waning of yon moon?



O maid, the moon shines lovely down,
The stars all brightly burn,
And they may shine till doomsday comes,
Ere your true love return;
O'er his white forehead roll the waves,
The wind sighs lowne and low,
And the cry the sea-fowl uttereth
Is one of wail and woe;
So wail they on—I tell thee, maid,
One of thy tresses dark
Is worth all the souls who perish'd
In that good and gallant bark.

O mariner, O mariner,
It's whisper'd in the hall,
And sung upon the mountain side
Among our maidens all,
That the waves which fill the measure
Of that wide and fatal flood
Cannot cleanse the decks of thy good ship,
Or wash thy hands from blood;
And sailors meet, and shake their heads,
And, ere they sunder, say,
God keep us from Miles Colvine,
On the wide and watery way!

And up then spoke he, Miles Colvine,
His thigh thus smiting soon,
By all that's dark aneath the deep,
By all that's bright aboon,

By all that's blessed on the earth,
Or blessed on the flood,
And by my sharp and stalwart blade
That revel'd in their blood,
I could not spare them; for there came
My loved one's spirit nigh,
With a shriek of joy at every stroke
That doom'd her foes to die.

O mariner, O mariner,
There was a lovely dame
Went down with thee unto the deep,
And left her father's hame.—
His dark eyes, like a thunder cloud,
Did rain and lighten fast,
And, oh! his bold and martial face
All grimly grew and ghast:
I loved her, and those evil men
Wrong'd her as far we ranged;
But were ever woman's woes and wrongs
More fearfully avenged?

THE BRAES OF BALLAHUN.

THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.

Now smiling summer's balmy breeze,
Soft whispering, fans the leafy trees:
The linnet greets the rosy morn,
Sweet in yon fragrant flowery thorn;
The bee hums round the woodbine bower,
Collecting sweets from every flower,
And pure the crystal streamlets run
Amongst the braes of Ballahun.

O blissful days, for ever fled,
When wand'ring wild as Fancy led,
I ranged the bushy bosom'd glen,
The scroggie shaw, the rugged linn,
And mark'd each blooming hawthorn bush,
Where nestling sat the speckled thrush;
Or careless roaming, wandered on,
Amongst the braes of Ballahun.

Why starts the tear, why bursts the sigh,
When hills and dales rebound with joy?
The flowery glen and lilied lea
In vain display their charms to me.
I joyless roam the heathy waste,
To soothe this sad, this troubled breast;

And seek the haunts of men to shun
Amongst the braes of Ballahun.

The virgin blush of lovely youth,
The angel smile of artless truth,
This breast illum'd with heavenly joy,
Which lyart time can ne'er destroy:
O Julia dear!—the parting look,
The sad farewell we sorrowing took,
Still haunt me as I stray alone
Among the braes of Ballahun.

SAY, SWEET CAROL!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Say, sweet carol! who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day!
Little birds in leafy bower;
Swallows twitt'ring on the tower;
Larks upon the light air borne;
Hunters rous'd with shrilly horn;
The woodman whistling on his way;
The new-wak'd child at early play,
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
Winking to the sunny sheen;
And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,
And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol? who are they
Who welcome in the evening gray?
The housewife trim, and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about;
The sage a conning o'er his book;
The tired wight in rushy nook,
Who, half asleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall;
The hunters feasting in the hall;
But most of all the maid of cheerful soul
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Our bugles sung truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the centinel stars set the watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die;
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the cock crew I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far had I roam'd on a desolate track.

Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the house of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, travell'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart—
Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn!
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE DOWNFAL OF DALZELL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The wind is cold, the snow falls fast,
The night is dark and late,
As I lift aloud my voice and cry
By the oppressor's gate.
There is a voice in every hill,
A tongue in every stone;

The greenwood sings a song of joy,
Since thou art dead and gone;
A poet's voice is in each mouth,
And songs of triumph swell,
Glad songs, that tell the gladsome earth
The downfal of Dalzell.

As I raised up my voice to sing
I heard the green earth say,
Sweet am I now to beast and bird,
Since thou art past away;
I hear no more the battle shout,
The martyrs' dying moans;
My cottages and cities sing
From their foundation stones;
The carbine and the culverin's mute—
The death-shot and the yell
Are turn'd into a hymn of joy,
For thy downfal, Dalzell.

I've trod thy banner in the dust,
And caused the raven call
From thy bride-chamber, to the owl
Hatch'd on thy castle wall;
I've made thy minstrels' music dumb,
And silent now to fame
Art thou, save when the orphan casts
His curses on thy name.
Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers
A long and last farewell:

There's hope for every sin save thine—
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,
Where punish'd spirits wail,
And ghastly death throws wide her door,
And hails thee with All hail!
Deep from the grave there comes a voice,
A voice with hollow tones,
Such as a spirit's tongue would have
That spoke through hollow bones:—
Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout
From earth to howling hell;
He comes, the persecutor comes!
All hail to thee, Dalzell!

O'er an old battle-field there rush'd
A wind, and with a moan
The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,
Even fellow-bone to bone.
Lo! there he goes, I heard them cry,
Like babe in swathing band,
Who shook the temples of the Lord,
And pass'd them 'neath his brand!
Curs'd be the spot where he was born,
There let the adders dwell,
And from his father's hearth-stone hiss:
All hail to thee, Dalzell!

I saw thee growing like a tree—
Thy green head touch'd the sky—

But birds far from thy branches built,
The wild deer pass'd thee by;
No golden dew dropt on thy bough,
Glad summer scorned to grace
Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds wooed
Beside thy dwelling place:
The axe has come and hewn thee down,
Nor left one shoot to tell
Where all thy stately glory grew:
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

An ancient man stands by thy gate,
His head like thine is gray;
Gray with the woes of many years,
Years fourscore and a day.
Five brave and stately sons were his;
Two daughters, sweet and rare;
An old dame, dearer than them all,
And lands both broad and fair:—
Two broke their hearts when two were slain,
And three in battle fell—
An old man's curse shall cling to thee:
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

And yet I sigh to think of thee,
A warrior tried and true
As ever spurr'd a steed, when thick
The splintering lances flew.
I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,
And hew thy foes down fast,

When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd,
And Gordon stood aghast,
And Graeme, saved by thy sword, raged fierce
As one redeem'd from hell.
I came to curse thee—and I weep:
So go in peace, Dalzell.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.

Our native land, our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song!
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have lov'd so long!

Farewell, the blithesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow!
Farewell, the hoary, haunted, howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell—

The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land, our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

LAST NIGHT A PROUD PAGE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Last night a proud page came to me:
Sir Knight, he said, I greet you free;
The moon is up at midnight hour,
All mute and lonely is the bower;
To rouse the deer my lord is gone,
And his fair daughter's all alone,
As lily fair, and as sweet to see—
Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me.

The stars stream'd out, the new-woke moon
O'er Chatsworth hill gleam'd brightly down,
And my love's cheeks, half-seen, half-hid,
With love and joy blush'd deeply red:
Short was our time, and chaste our bliss,
A whisper'd vow and a gentle kiss;
And one of those long looks, which earth
With all its glory is not worth.

The stars beam'd lovelier from the sky,
The smiling brook flow'd gentlier by;
Life, fly thou on! I'll mind that hour
Of sacred love in greenwood bower:

Let seas between us swell and sound,
Still at her name my heart shall bound;
Her name—which like a spell I'll keep,
To soothe me and to charm my sleep.

THE MARINER.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

It's sweet to go with hound and hawk,
O'er moor and mountain roamin';
It's sweeter to walk on the Solway side,
With a fair maid at the gloamin';
But its sweeter to bound o'er the deep green sea,
When the flood is chafed and foamin';
For the seaboy has then the prayer of good men,
And the sighing of lovesome woman.

The wind is up, and the sail is spread,
And look at the foaming furrow
Behind the bark, as she shoots away
As fleet as the outlaw's arrow!
And the tears drop fast from lovely eyes,
And hands are wrung in sorrow;
But when we come back, there is shout and clap,
And mirth both night and morrow.

THE FORAY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The last of our steers on the board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red—
Up, up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone,
There are dangers to dare and there's spoil to be won!

The eyes, that so lately mixed glances with ours,
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
And strive to distinguish through tempest and gloom
The prance of the steed and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending, the wind rises loud,
The moon her red beacon has veiled with a cloud—
'Tis the better, my mates, for the warder's dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient—I hear my blithe gray,
There is life in his hoof-clang and hope in his neigh:
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropp'd, and the bugle has blown;
One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and be gone:
To their honour and peace that shall rest with the slain!
To their health and their glee that see Teviot again!

THE SOCIAL CUP.

CHARLES GRAY, ESQ.

The gloamin' saw us a' sit down,
An meikle mirth has been our fa';
But ca' the tither toast aroun',
Till chanticleer begin to craw.
The auld kirk bell has chappit twal',
Wha cares tho' she had chappit twa!
We're light o' heart, an' winna part,
Though time an' tide shou'd rin awa'

Tut, never speir how wears the morn,
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky;
An' gif like her we fill our horn,
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.
Then fill we up a social cup,
An' never mind the dapple dawn:
Just sit a while, the sun may smile,
An' light us a' across the lawn.

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

HUGH AINSLIE.

Do ye like, bonnie lassie,
The hills wild and free,
Where the song of the shepherd
Gaurs a' ring wi' glee;
Or the steep rocky glens
Where the wild falcons bide?—
Then on wi' the tartan,
And, fy, let us ride.

Do ye like the knowes, lassie,
That ne'er were in riggs;
Or the bonnie lowne howes
Where the sweet robin biggs;
Or the sang of the linnet
When wooing his bride?—
Then on wi' the tartan,
And, fy, let us ride.

Do ye like the burn, lassie,
That loups amang linns;
Or the sunny green holms
Where it leisurely rins,
Wi' a cantie bit housie
Built snug by its side?—
Then on wi' the tartan,
And, fy, let us ride.

THE EVENING STAR.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Star, that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free:
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou
That send'st it from above—
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise;
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews!
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

JAMES HOGG.

The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over—
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep
In the moorland so dreary.

O soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
Fu' white were the sheets,
And embroidered the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander;
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering
With lights at your window:
But long may you wait,
Ere your arms shall enclose him;

For still, still he lies
With a wreath on his bosom.

How painful the task,
The sad tidings to tell you,
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befel you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead tapers hover,
O cold, cold and wan
Lies the corse of your lover!

OUR LADYE'S BLESSED WELL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The moon is gleaming far and near,
The stars are streaming free,
And cold comes down the evening dew
On my sweet babe and me.
There is a time for holy song,
An hour for charm and spell,
And now's the time to bathe my babe
In our ladye's blessed well.

O thou wert born as fair a babe
As light ere shone aboon,
And fairer than the gowan is,
Born in the April moon:

First like the lily pale ye grew,
Syne like the violet wan;
As in the sunshine dies the dew,
So faded my fair Ann.

Was it a breath of evil wind
That harm'd thee, lovely child?
Or was't the fairy's charmed touch
That all thy bloom defiled?
I've watch'd thee in the mirk midnight,
And watch'd thee in the day,
And sung our ladye's sacred song
To keep the elves away.

The moon is sitting on the hill,
The night is nigh its prime,
The owl doth chase the bearded bat,
The mark of witching time;
And o'er the seven sister stars
A silver cloud is drawn,
And pure the blessed water is
To bathe thee, gentle Ann!

On a far sea thy father sails
Among the spicy isles;
He thinks on thee, and thinks on me,
And as he thinks, he smiles
And sings, while he his white sail trims,
And severs swift the sea,
About his Anne's sunny locks,
And of her bright blue e'e.

O blessed fountain, give her back
The brightness of her brow!
O blessed water, bid her cheeks
Like summer roses glow!
'Tis a small gift, thou blessed well,
To thing divine as thee,
But kingdoms to a mother's heart,—
Fu' dear is Ann to me.

MY AIN BONNIE MAY.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

O will ye go to yon burn side,
Amang the new-made hay,
And sport upon the flowery swaird,
My ain bonnie May?
The sun blinks blithe on yon burn side,
Whare lambkins lightly play;
The wild bird whistles to his mate,
My ain bonnie May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,
Shall shield us in the bower,
Whare I'll pu' a posie for my May,
O' mony a bonnie flower.
My father maws ayont the burn,
To spin my mammy's gane;
And should they see thee here wi' me,
I'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens
What troubles it await:
Whan ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
The fause bird lea'es its mate.
The flow'rs will fade, the woods decay,
And lose their bonnie green;
The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercast,
Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet;
So love is, in its noon:
But cank'ring time may soil the flow'r,
And spoil its bonnie bloom.
O, come then, while the summer shines,
And love is young and gay;
Ere age his with'ring, wintry blast
Blaws o'er me and my May.

For thee I'll tend the fleecy flocks,
Or haud the halesome plough,
And nightly clasp thee to my breast,
And prove ay leal and true.
The blush o'erspread her bonnie face,
She had nae mair to say,
But ga'e her hand, and walk'd alang,
The youthfu' bloomin' May.

THE BRIDE OF ALLANBAY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Upon the bonnie mountain side,
  Upon the leafy trees,
Upon the rich and golden fields,
  Upon the deep green seas,
The wind comes breathing freshly forth—
  Ho! pluck up from the sand
Our anchor, and go shooting as
  A wing'd shaft from the land!
The sheep love Skiddaw's lonesome top,
  The shepherd loves his hill,
The throstle loves the budding bush,
  Sweet woman loves her will;
The lark loves heaven for visiting,
  But green earth for her home;
And I love the good ship singing
  Through the billows in their foam.

My son! a gray-hair'd peasant said,
  Leap on the grassy land,
And deeper than five fathom sink
  Thine anchor in the sand;
And meek and humble make thy heart;
  For ere yon bright'ning moon
Lift her wondrous lamp above the wave
  Amid night's lonely noon,

There shall be shriekings heard at sea,
Lamentings heard ashore—
My son! go pluck thy mainsail down,
And tempt the heav'n no more.
Come forth and weep, come forth and pray,
Grey dame and hoary swain—
All ye who have got sons to-night
Upon the faithless main.

And wherefore, old man, should I turn?
Dost hear the merry pipe,
The harvest bugle winding
Among Scotland's corn fields ripe?
And see her dark-eyed maidens dance,
Whose willing arms alway
Are open for the merry lads
Of bonnie Allanbay?
Full sore the old man sigh'd, and said,
Go bid the mountain wind
Breathe softer, and the deep waves hear
The prayers of frail mankind,
And mar the whirlwind in his might:—
His hoary head he shook,
Gazed on the youth, and on the sea,
And sadder wax'd his look.

Lo, look! here comes our lovely bride—
Breathes there a wind so rude
As chafe the billows when she goes
In beauty o'er the flood?

The raven fleece that dances
On her round and swan-white neck;
The white foot that wakes music
On the smooth and shaven deck;
The white hand that goes waving thus,
As if it told the brine—
Be gentle in your ministry,
O'er you I rule and reign;
The eye that looks so lovely,
Yet so lofty in its sway—
Old man! the sea adores them—
So adieu, sweet Allanbay!

HABBIE'S FRAE HAME.

JAMES TURNER.

By the side of yon cleugh, whare the burnie rins shill,
A lassie sat sighing and spinning her lane:
O gin the waes of my heart wad lie still!
There'll never be joy till our Habbie come hame.

My wheel it gaes round, and my lint tap I spread,
Lint that I mean for bibs to my bairn;
The warp shall be blue and the waft shall be red,
An' how bra we'll be a' when our Habbie comes hame.

That morning he left us, our cock never crew,
Our gray clocking hen she gaed keckling her lane;
The gowk frae the craft never cried cuckoo,
That wearyfu' morning our Habbie left hame.

When the wind blaws loud and tirls our strae,
An' a' our house sides are dreeping wi' rain,
An' ilka burn rows frae the bank to the brae,
I weep for our Habbie who rows i' the main.

When the wars are owre, an' quiet is the sea,
On board the Culloden our Hab will come hame:
My slumbers will then be as sweet as the Dee,
An' how blythe we'll be a' when our Habbie comes hame.

THE BONNIE BARK.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O come, my bonnie bark,
O'er the waves let us go,
With thy neck like the swan,
And thy wings like the snow—
Spread thy plumes to the wind,
For a gentle one soon
Maun welcome us home,
Ere the wane of the moon.

The proud oak that built thee
Was nursed in the dew
Where my gentle one dwells,
And stately it grew.
I hew'd its beauty down;
Now it swims on the sea,
And wafts spice and perfume,
My fair one, to thee.

O sweet, sweet's her voice,
As a low warbled tune;
And sweet, sweet her lips,
Like the rose-bud of June.
She looks to sea and sighs,
As the foamy wave flows,
And treads on men's strength,
As in glory she goes.

O haste, my bonnie bark,
O'er the waves let us bound,
As the deer from the horn,
Or the hare from the hound.
Pluck down thy white plumes,
Sink thy keel in the sand,
Whene'er ye see my love,
And the wave of her hand.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

JAMES HOGG.

Oh, thou art lovely yet, my boy,
Even in thy winding sheet!
I canna leave thy comely clay,
And features calm and sweet.
I have no hope but for the day
That we shall meet again,
Since thou art gane, my bonnie boy,
And left me here alane.

I hoped thy sire's loved form to see,
To trace his looks in thine;
And saw, wi' joy, thy sparkling e'e
Wi' kindling vigour shine:
I thought, when I was fail'd, I might
Wi' you and yours remain;
But thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
And left me here alane.

Now closed and set that sparkling e'e,
Thy breast is cauld as clay;
And a' my hope, and a' my joy,
Wi' thee are reft away.
Ah, fain wad I that comely clay
Reanimate again!
But thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
And left me here alane.

The flower now fading on the lea,
Shall fresher rise to view;
The leaf just falling frae the tree,
The year will soon renew;
But lang may I weep o'er thy grave
Ere thou revivest again,
For thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
And left me here alane!

ALLAN-A-MAUT.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Good Allan-a-Maut lay on the rigg,
One call'd him bear, one call'd him bigg;
An old dame slipp'd on her glasses: Aha!
He'll waken, quoth she, with joy to us a'.
The sun shone out, down dropp'd the rain,
He laugh'd as he came to life again;
And carles and carlins sung who saw't,
Good luck to your rising, Allan-a-Maut.

Good Allan-a-Maut grew green and rank,
With a golden beard and a shapely shank,
And rose sae steeve, and wax'd sae stark,
He whomelt the maid, and coupit the clark;
The sick and lame leap'd hale and weel,
The faint of heart grew firm as steel,
The douce nae mair call'd mirth a faut,—
Such charms are mine, quoth Allan-a-Maut.

THE CAPTIVE HUNTSMAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matin ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee—
That life is lost to love and me.

JEAN'S BRIGHT EEN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Our gudewife's awa',
Now's the hour to woo,
For the lads like lasses,
And the lasses lads too.
The moon's beaming bright,
And the gowan's in dew,
And my love's by my side,
And we're a' happy now.

I have wale of loves:—
Nancie rich and fair,
Bessie brown and bonnie,
And Kate wi' curling hair,
And Bell young and proud,
Wi' gold aboon her brow;
But my Jean has twa een
That glower me thro' and thro'.

Sair she slights the lads—
Three lie like to die,
Four in sorrow listed,
And five flew to the sea.
Nigh her chamber door
Lads watch a' night in dool—

Ae kind word frae my love
Would charm frae yule to yule.

Our gudewife's come hame
Mute now maun I woo;
But my love's bright glances
Shine a' the chamber through.
O sweet is her voice
When she sings at her wark,
Sweet the touch of her hand,
And her vows in the dark.

EARL MARCH.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour,
His coming to discover;
And her love look'd up to Ellen's bower,
And she look'd on her lover.

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.

And am I then forgot—forgot?—
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

PHEMIE IRVING.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Gay is thy glen, Corrie,
With all thy groves flowering;
Green is thy glen, Corrie,
When July is showering;
And sweet is yon wood where
The small birds are bowering,
For there dwells the sweet one
Whom I am adoring.

Her round neck is whiter
Than winter when snowing;
Her meek voice is milder
Than Ae in its flowing;
The glad ground yields music
Where she goes by the river;
One kind glance would charm me
For ever and ever.

The proud and the wealthy
To Phemie are bowing;
No looks of love win they
With sighing or suing;
Far away maun I stand
With my rude wooing,
She's a flow'ret too lovely
To bloom for my pu'ing.

O were I yon violet,
On which she is walking!
O were I yon small bird,
To which she is talking!
Or yon rose in her hand,
With its ripe ruddy blossom!
Or some pure gentle thought,
To be blest with her bosom!

MY JOHNIE.

JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

Jenny's heart was frank and free,
And wooers she had mony, yet
Her sang was ay, Of a' I see,
Commend me to my Johnie yet.
For, air and late, he has sic gate
To mak' a body cheerie, that

I wish to be, before I die,
His ain kind dearie yet.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
Her shape was sma' and genty-like,
And few or nane in a' the place
Had gow'd and gear mair plenty yet;
Though war's alarms, and Johnie's charms,
Had gart her aft look eerie, yet
She sung wi' glee, I hope to be
My Johnie's ain dearie yet.

What tho' he's now gaen far awa',
Where guns and cannons rattle, yet
Unless my Johnie chance to fa'
In some uncanny battle, yet
Till he return, my breast will burn
Wi' love that weel may cheer me yet,
For I hope to see, before I die,
His bairns to him endear me yet.

ALLAN-A-DALE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Allan-a-dale has no faggot for burning;
Allan-a-dale has no furrow for turning;
Allan-a-dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allan-a-dale has red gold for the winning.
Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allan-a-dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side;
The mere for his net, and the land for his game;
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allan-a-dale.

Allan-a-dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allan-a-dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rerecross, on Stanmore, meets Allan-a-dale.

Allan-a-dale to his wooing is come,
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home.

Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall, quoth bold Allan, shows gallanter still,
'Tis the blue vault of heaven with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles! said Allan-a-dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone;
But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry!
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allan-a-dale.

THE LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's top of down;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
When I met among the hawthorns green
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Her naked feet amang the grass
Shone like two dewy lilies fair;

Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks
Black curling o'er her shoulders bare;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Quoth I, fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
I have look'd long for a weel-faur'd lass,
By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

I said, sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and come with me;
A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—
The tears were dropping frae her e'e.
I hae a lad who's far awa',
That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already full of love,—
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
And seek for love in a far countree?
Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew;
I fain wad kiss'd them frae her ee.

I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—
For pity's sake, kind sir, be still;
My heart is full of other love,
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watery ee—
Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my ee;
While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
Till my last drop of blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams
Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow.
O! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
As ever shone on vale and hill,
But there's ae light puts them all out,—
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

TAKE TENT NOW, JEAN.

IVAN.

Tak' tent now, Jean,—ye mind yestreen
The tap that raised ye frae your wheel;
Your wily ee, that glanced on me,
Ha! lass, the meaning I kent weel.
But I hae tint thy kindly glint,
And lightly now ye geck at me;
But, lass, tak' heed, ye'll rue the deed,
When aiblins we'll be waur to 'gree.

Tak' tent now, Jean,—the careless mien,
And cauldrife look, are ill to dree;
It's sair to bide the scornfu' pride
And saucy leer o' woman's ee.
Ah! where is now the bosom-vow,
The gushing tear of melting love,
The heav'nly thought, which fancy wrought,
Of joy below, and bliss above?

Tak' tent now, Jean,—thae twa sweet een
Fu' light and blithely blink I trow;
The hinney drop on the red-rose top
Is nae sae sweet as thy wee mou':
But though thy fair and faithless air
Hath wrung the bosom-sigh frae me;
A changing mind, and heart unkind,
May chill a breast as dear to thee.

THE CHARMED BARK.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The tree that built my bonnie bark
  Grew in a haunted glen,
In the west nook of an old kirk-yard,
  Among the bones of men—
Among the bones of men, my lads,
  And the axe that laid it low
Was temper'd in a dead man's blood,
  And I dread no winds that blow.

Look on yon cloud, an old man said,
  No larger than my hand;
And hearken to that sweeping blast,
  That shakes the sea and land—
That shakes the sea and land, my lads,
  And makes the waters foam;
A wise man when he looks on these
  Would wish himself at home.

When I was late on Lapland's shore
  I bought a gentle gale,
That sung around me on the sea,
  And murmur'd in my sail;—

That murmur'd in my milk-white sail,
With a friendly voice, and low:
A man who sails a charmed ship
Need fear no blasts that blow.

The hand which holds the winds at will
Will guide us while we roam:
When stormy heaven is burning bright,
And the wild sea in a foam—
And the wild sea in a foam, my lads,
While, sobbing sad and low,
The mother wails her sailor-boy
As she hears the tempest blow.

AE HAPPY HOUR.

ALEXANDER LAING.

The dark gray o' gloaming,
The lone leafy shaw,
The coo o' the ringdove,
The scent o' the haw,
The brae o' the burnie,
A' blooming in flower,
An' twa faithfu' lovers,
Make ae happy hour.

A kind winsome wifie,
A clean canty hame,
An' sweet smiling babies
To lisp the dear name;
Wi' plenty o' labour,
An' health to endure,
Make time row around ay
The ae happy hour.

Ye lost to affection,
Whom av'rice can move,
To woo, an' to marry,
For a' thing but love;
Awa' wi' your sorrows,
Awa' wi' your store,
Ye ken na the pleasures
O' ae happy hour.

PEGGIE.

JAMES HOGG.

The bittern's quavering trump on high,
The beetle's drowsy distant hum,
Have sung the daylight's lullaby,
And yet my Peggie is not come.
The golden primrose from the wood,
The scented hawthorn's snowy flower,
Mixed with the laurel's buds, I've strewed
Deep in my maiden's woodland bower.

O come, my love, the branches link
Above our bed of blossoms new,
The stars behind their curtains wink,
To spare thine eyes so soft and blue.
No human eye, nor heavenly gem,
With envious smile our bliss shall see;
The mountain ash his diadem
Shall spread to shield the dews from thee.

O let me hear thy fairy tread
Come gliding through the broomwood still,
Then on my bosom lay thy head,
Till dawning crown the distant hill.
And I will watch thy witching smile,
List what has caused thy long delay,
And kiss thy melting lips the while,
Till die the sweet reproof away.

BONNIE LADY ANN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

There's kames of honey 'tween my love's lips,
And gold amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil;
Nae mortal een look there.

What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm of love dare span
The honey lips, the creamy palm,
Or the waist of Lady Ann!

She kisses the lips of her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs of dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
Maun touch her Lady mou.
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle of gold,
Her jimpy waist maun span—
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Lady Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger of God,
My bonnie Lady Ann!

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gold,
Like my love's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my love wears
Is monie a golden drap.
Her bonnie eebrow's a holie arch
Cast by no earthlie han';
And the breath of God's atween the lips
Of my bonnie Lady Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa';
My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My een are bauld, they dwall on a place
Where I darena mint my han',
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
Of my bonnie Lady Ann.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.
O! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countree.

O! it's not my ain ruin
That saddens ay my ee,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairns three;

My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie,—
I've left a' my heart behind me,
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
An' the blossom to the bee,
But I win back—oh never!
To my ain countree.
I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon,
Frae my ain countree.

POVERTY PARTS GUDE COMPANIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

When white was my oerlay as foam of the linn,
And siller was chinking my pouches within;
When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae,
As I gaed to my love in new cleeding sae gay;
Kind was she and my friends were free,
But poverty parts gude companie.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight!
The piper play'd cheerly, the crusie burnt bright,

And linked in my hand was the maiden sae dear,
As she footed the floor in her holiday geer.
Woe is me, and can it then be,
That poverty parts sic companie?

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk,
We met in the sunshine, we met in the mirk;
And the sound of her voice, and the blinks of her een,
The cheering and life of my bosom have been.
Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,
And poverty parts sweet companie.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride
The bruse I hae won and a kiss of the bride;
And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,
When I uttered my banter or chorused my song.
Dowie to dree are jesting and glee,
When poverty parts gude companie.

Wherever I gaed the blithe lasses smiled sweet,
And mithers and aunties were mair than discreet,
While kebbuck and beaker were set on the board,
But now they pass by me, and never a word.
So let it be—for the worldly and slie
Wi' poverty keep nae companie.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart;
The spae-wife has tauld me to keep up my heart;
For wi' my last sixpence her loof I hae cross'd,
And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.
Cruelly though we ilka day see
How poverty parts dear companie.

COME, TOOM THE STOUP.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come, toom the stoup! let the merry sun shine
On sculptured cups and the rich man's wine;
Come, toom the stoup! from the bearded bere,
And the heart of corn, comes our life-drink dear.
The reap-hook, the sheaf, and the flail for me;
Away with the drink of the slave's vine tree!
The spirit of malt, sae free and sae frank,
Is my minted money and bonds in the bank.

Come, toom up the stoup! what must be, must;
I'm cauld and canker'd, and dry as dust;
A simmering stoup of this glorious weet
Gives soaring plumes to time's leaden feet:
Let yon stately madam, so mim and so shy,
Arch her white neck proud, and sail prouder by;
The spirit of malt, so frank and so free,
Is daintier than midnight madam to me.

Drink fills us with joy and gladness, and soon
Hangs canker'd care on the horns of the moon;
Is bed and bedding; and love and mirth
Dip their wings in drink ere they mount from the earth.

Come, toom the stoup! it's delightful to see
The world run round, like to whomel on me;
And yon bonnie bright star—by my sooth it's a shiner,
Ilka drop that I drink it seems glowing diviner.

Away with your lordships of mosses and mools,
With your women, the plague and the plaything of fools!
Away with your crowns, and your sceptres, and mitres!
Lay the parson's back bare to the rod of the smiters:
For wisdom wastes time, and reflection is folly,
Let learning descend to the score and the tally.
Lo! the floor's running round, the roof's swimming in glory,
And I have but breath for to finish my story.

SONG OF THE ELFIN MILLER.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Full merrily rings the millstone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel,
Full merrily gushes out the grist;
Come taste my fragrant meal.
As sends the lift its snowy drift,
So the meal comes in a shower;
Work, fairies, fast,—for time flies past;
I borrow'd the mill an hour.

The miller he's a worldly man,
And maun have double fee;
So draw the sluice of the churl's dam,
And let the stream come free.
Shout, fairies, shout! see, gushing out,
The meal comes like a river;
The top of the grain on hill and plain
Is ours, and shall be ever.

One elf goes chasing the wild bat's wing,
And one the white owl's horn,
One hunts the fox for the white o' his tail,
And we winna have him till morn;
One idle fay, with the glow-worm's ray,
Runs glimmering 'mang the mosses,
Another goes tramp wi' the will-o'-wisp's lamp,
To light a lad to the lasses.

O haste, my brown elf, bring me corn
From bonnie Blackwood plains;
Go, gentle fairy, bring me grain
From green Dalgonar mains;
But, pride of a' at Closeburn ha',
Fair is the corn and fatter;
Taste, fairies, taste, a gallanter grist
Has never been wet with water.

Hilloah! my hopper is heaped high;
Hark! to the well-hung wheels,
They sing for joy;—the dusty roof,
It clatters and it reels.

Haste, elves, and turn yon mountain burn—
Bring streams that shine like siller;
The dam is down, the moon sinks soon,
And I maun grind my meller.

Ha! bravely done, my wanton elves,
That is a foaming stream;
See how the dust from the mill-ee flies,
And chokes the cold moon-beam.—
Haste, fairies! fleet come baptized feet,
Come sack and sweep up clean,
And meet me soon, ere sinks the moon
In thy green vale, Dalveen.

MARMION.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving,
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted;
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it—
Never, O never.

SONG OF RICHARD FAULDER.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

It's merry, it's merry, among the moonlight,
When the pipe and the cittern are sounding,
To rein, like a war-steed, my shallop, and go
O'er the bright waters merrily bounding.
It's merry, it's merry, when fair Allanbay
With its bridal candles is glancing,
To spread the white sails of my vessel, and go
Among the wild sea-waters dancing.

And it's blithesomer still, when the storm is come on,
And the Solway's wild waves are ascending
In huge and dark curls—and the shaven masts groan,
And the canvas to ribbons is rending;
When the dark heaven stoops down unto the dark deep,
And the thunder speaks 'mid the commotion :—
Awaken and see, ye who slumber and sleep,
The might of the Lord on the ocean!

This frail bark, so late growing green in the wood
Where the roebuck is joyously running,
Now doomed for to roam o'er the wild lushy flood,
When the wind to all quarters is changing—

Is as safe to thy feet as the proud palace floor,
And as firm as green Skiddaw below thee ;
For God has come down to the ocean's dread deeps,
His might and his mercy to show thee.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad sword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He cross'd the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?'

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, 'twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE KING'S LANDING AT LEITH.

JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

O! busk ye, busk ye, lad and lass;
Busk ye, busk ye, man and woman!
Make haste and see our nobles pass—
The king and all his train are coming!
O! heard ye not the cannons roar,
Proclaiming loud to lord and lady,
The King is landing on our shore—
He's landed down at Leith already!

He comes! he comes in gallant trim,
Wi' robes of state, and banners streaming;
And thousands, till their sight grows dim,
Wi' tears of rapt'rous joy are beaming!

O, welcome! welcome to this land—
This land where all the Virtues blossom!
Our men shall guard thee, heart and hand—
Our ladies press thee to their bosom!

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree:
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright;
The mayflower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine:
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due:
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree!

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough:
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and lov'd my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue—
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree!

STARS, DINNA PEEP IN.

Bright stars, dinna peep in,
To see me wi' Mary,
An' O thou bright an' bonnie moon,
Don't at her window tarry.
Sair yestreen ye scared me,
Sair yestreen ye barred me,
Frae kisses kind ye marred me,
Ye peep'd sae in on Mary.

Mary's a winsome quean,
Light as ony fairy;
Mary's a gentle quean,
Oh I daute her dearly.
An' when the moon is moving,
She loves to go a roving,
An' then she's leal an' loving,—
My ain sweet Mary.

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree—
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Soft tapping at eve to her window I came,
And loud bayed the watch dog, loud scolded the dame.
For shame, silly Lightfoot, what is it to thee,
Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?

Rich Owen will tell you with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn:
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk at the alehouse still claims the great chair;
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blithe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as the matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of noble degree
Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

THE GALLANT AULD CARLE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A gallant auld carle a-courting came,
And ask'd with a cough, was the heiress at hame;
He was shaven smooth, with love-knots in his shoon,
And his breath was as cauld as the Hallowmass moon:
He has twa top-coats on, and a gray plaid;
Be kind to him, maiden, he's weel arrayed;
His lairdship lies by the kirk-yard dyke,
For he'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

The carle came ben with a groan and a cough,
And I was sae wilful and wicked as laugh:
He spoke of his lands, and his horses, and kye,
They were worth nae mair than a blink of my eye;
He spake of his gold—his locks, as he spake,
From the gray did grow to the glossy black:
And I scarce could say to the carle's gripe,
I doubt ye'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

A chieftain, to the highlands bound,
Cries, Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.
And who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?
Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.
His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?

Outspoke the hardy highland wight,
I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row ye o'er the ferry.

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking:
But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

O haste thee, haste! the lady cries:
Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.
The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her;
When oh, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her!

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing.
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was chang'd to wailing:
For sore dismayed thro' storm and shade
His child he did discover;

One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

Come back, come back, he cried in grief,
Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your highland chief—
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!
'Twas vain; the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return, or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O lady, come to the Indies with me,
And reign and rule on the sunny sea;
My ship's a palace, my deck's a throne,
And all shall be thine the sun shines on.

A gallant ship, and a boundless sea,
A piping wind and the foe on our lee,
My pennon streaming so gay from the mast,
My cannon flashing all bright and fast.

The Bourbon lilies wax wan as I sail;
America's stars I strike them pale:
The glories of sea and the grandeur of land,
All shall be thine for the wave of thy hand.

Thy shining locks are worth Java's isle—
Can the spices of Saba buy thy smile?
Let kings rule earth by a right divine,
Thou shalt be queen of the fathomless brine.

HALUCKET MEG.

REV. J. NICOL.

Meg, muckin' at Geordie's byre,
  Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang;
Ilk daud o' the scartle strack fire,
  While loud as a lavrock she sang!
Her Geordie had promis'd to marrie,
  An' Meg, a sworn fae to despair,
Not dreamin' the job cou'd miscarrie,
  Already seem'd mistress an' mair!

My neebours, she sang, aften jeer me,
  An' ca' me daft, halucket Meg,
An' say, they expect soon to hear me
  I' the kirk, for my fun, get a fleg!

An' now, 'bout my marriage they clatter,
An' Geordie, poor fallow! they ca'
An auld doitit hav'rel!—Nae matter,
He'll keep me aye brankin an' braw!

I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,
That the white o' his e'e is turn'd out,
That his black beard is rough as a heckle,
That his mou to his lug's rax'd about;
But they needna let on that he's crazie,
His pike-staff wull ne'er let him fa';
Nor that his hair's white as a daisie,
For fient a hair has he ava!

But a weel-plenish'd mailin has Geordie,
An' routh o' gude goud in his kist;
An' if siller comes at my wordie,
His beautie I never wull miss't!
Daft gouks, wha catch fire like tinder,
Think love-raptures ever wull burn!
But wi' poortith, hearts het as a cinder
Wull cauld as an iceshugle turn!

There'll just be ae bar to my pleasure,
A bar that's aft fill'd me wi' fear,
He's sic a hard, near-be-gawn miser,
He likes his saul less than his gear!
But though I now flatter his failin',
An' swear nought wi' goud can compare,

Gude sooth! it sall soon get a scailin'!
His bags sall be mouldie nae mair!

I dreamt that I rade in a chariot,
A flunkie ahint me in green;
While Geordie cry'd out, he was harriet,
An' the saut tear was blindin' his een;
But though 'gainst my spendin' he swear aye,
I'll hae frae him what ser's my turn;
Let him slip awa whan he grows wearie,
Shame fa' me! gin lang I wad mourn!

But Geordie, while Meg was haranguin,
Was cloutin his breeks i' the bauks,
An' whan a' his failins she brang in,
His strang, hazle pike-staff he taks,
Designin to rax her a lounder:
He chanc'd on the lather to shift,
An' down frae the bauks, flat's a flounder,
Flew like a shot-starn frae the lift!

THOU HAST VOW'D BY THY FAITH, MY JEANIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Thou hast vow'd by thy faith, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand of thine,
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine:
And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart of thine,
By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
And the heart wad part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose the band,
But the finger of Him above.
Though the wee wee cot maun be my bield,
And my clothing e'er sae mean,
I should lap up rich in the faulds of love
Heaven's armfu' of my Jean.

Thy white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Far softer than the down;
And love wad winnow o'er us his kind kind wings,
And sweetly we'd sleep and soun'.

Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
Come here and kneel wi' me,
The morning is full of the presence of God,
And I cannot pray but thee.

The wind is sweet amang the new flowers,
The wee birds sing saft on the tree,
Our goodman sits in the bonnie sunshine,
And a blithe auld bodie is he;
The Beuk maun be ta'en when he comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And I will speak of thee when I pray,
And thou maun speak of me.

MY NANIE-O.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Red rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie-o,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nanie-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
My kind and winsome Nanie-o,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie-o.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonnie-o,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace
For thieving looks at Nanie-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
The world's in love with Nanie-o;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadnae love my Nanie-o.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely-o;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle so divinely-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie-o;
Love looks frae 'neath her long brown hair,
And says, I dwell wi' Nanie-o.

Tell not, thou star at gray day light,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie-o,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
None ken o' me and Nanie-o;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
They winna wrong my Nanie-o.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

JAMES HOGG.

Oh saw ye the rose of the east
In the valley of Sharon that grows?
Ye daughters of Judah, how blest
To breathe in the sweets of my rose.
Come, tell me, if yet she's at rest
On her couch with the lilies inwove?
Or if wantons the breeze with her breast?
For my heart it is sick for my love.

I charge you, ye virgins unveiled,
That stray 'mong the pomegranate trees,
By the roes and the hinds of the field,
That ye wake not my love till she please.
The garden with flowers is in blow,
And roses unnumbered are there—
Then tell how thy love we shall know,
For the daughters of Zion are fair.

A bed of frankincense her cheek;
A wreath of sweet myrrh is her hand;
Her eye the bright gem that they seek
By the rivers and streams of the land;

Her smile from the morning she wins;
Her teeth are the lambs on the hill;
Her breasts two young roes that are twins,
And feed in the valleys at will.

As the cedar that smiles o'er the wood;
As the lily mid shrubs of the heath;
As the tower of Damascus that stood
Overlooking the hamlets beneath;
As the moon that in glory you see,
Mid the stars and the planets above—
Even so among women is she,
And my bosom is ravished with love.

Return with the evening star,
And our couch on Amana shall be:
From Shinar and Hermon afar,
Thou the mountain of leopards shalt see.
O Shulamite! turn to thy rest,
Where the olive o'ershadows the land—
As the roe of the desert make haste,
For the singing of birds is at hand.

LORD RANDAL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A cold wind and a starless sky,
Hills white with sifted snaw;
A lady weeping at midnight,
By a lone castle wa'!
Oh! come, Lord Randal, open your door,
Oh! open and let me in;
The snaw hangs in my scarlet robe,
The sleet dreeps down my chin.

Oh! come, Lord Randal, open your door,
Oh! open that I may see
Ae glance but of that bonnie blue eye
That charm'd my heart frae me:
Oh! come, Lord Randal, open your door,
Or speak, that I may know
Once mair the music of that tongue
That wrought me all my woe.

Her voice sank low as the tender babe's
That makes its gentle moan,
A cry still heard by that castle wa'
In midnight mirk and lone:
Lord Randal called his true love thrice,
And wept and paused to hear;
But, ah! ne'er mortal voice again
Might win that lady's ear.

THE MARINER.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Ye winds which kiss the groves' green tops,
And sweep the mountain hoar,
O, softly stir the ocean waves
Which sleep along the shore;
For my love sails the fairest ship
That wantons on the sea:
O, bend his masts with pleasant gales,
And waft him hame to me.

O leave nae mair the bonnie glen,
Clear stream, and hawthorn grove,
Where first we walked in gloaming gray,
And sigh'd and look'd of love;
For faithless is the ocean wave,
And faithless is the wind—
Then leave nae mair my heart to break,
'Mang Scotland's hills behind.

PEGGIE.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

Whan first I forgather'd wi' Peggie,
My Peggie an' I were young;
Sae blithe at the bught i' the gloamin'
My Peggie an' I ha'e sung,
My Peggie an' I ha'e sung,
Till the stars did blink sae hie;
Come weel or come wae to the biggin',
My Peggie was dear to me.

The stately aik stood on the mountain,
And tower'd o'er the green birken shaw;
Ilk glentin' wee flow'r on the meadow
Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw,
Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw,
When they saw their ain shape i' the Dee;
'Twas there that I courted my Peggie,
Till the kirk it fell foul o' me.

Though love it has little to look for
Frae the heart that's wedded to gear,
A wife without house or a haudin'
Gars ane look right blate like an' queer;

Gars ane baith look blate like an' queer,
But queerer when twa turns to three;
Our frien's they ha'e foughten an' flyten,
But Peggie's ay dear to me.

It vex'd me her sighin' an' sabbin',
Now nought short o' marriage wou'd do;
An' though that our prospects were dreary,
What could I but e'en buckle to?
What cou'd I but e'en buckle to,
An' dight the sa't tear frae her e'e?
The warl's a wearifu' wister;
But Peggie's ay dear to me.

SING ON, SING ON.

R. M'C.

Sing on, sing on, thou little bird
That wing'st the balmy air;
Sing out thy sang, thou blithesome bird,
That tells thou'rt free of care.
It's gude to ha'e a lightsome heart,
A heart that's fu' of glee;
And I would bless thy gladsome notes,
Though sorrow dwells with me.

Thou sings to see the gowans bloom,
And leaves that clead the tree,
Thou sings, to woo thy gentle mate,
A sang that's dear to me.
And wilt thou, gentle, win her love,
By methods such as these,
Nor ever learn, as I hae done,
How hard it is to please.

O dinna langer strain thy throat,
Sweet sangster of the grove—
I, too, hae sung as gay a note,
To win a woman's love;
And, as thy gentle mate does now,
She listen'd to the lay,
And I sang on, and she proved false—
O cease thy roundelay.

O MY LOVE IS A COUNTRY LASS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O my love is a country lass,
And I am but a country laddie;
But true love is nae gentleman,
And sweetness is nae lofty lady.

I make my bed 'mang brackens green;
My light's the moon, round, bright, an' bonnie;
And there I muse the summer night
On her, my leal and lovely Jeanie.

Her gown spun by her ain white hand;
Her coat sae trim of snowy plaiden;
Is there a dame in all the land
Sae lady-like in silk and satin?
Though minstrel lore is all my wealth;
Let gowks love gold and mailens many,
I'm rich enough when I have thee,
My witty, winsome, lovely Jeanie.

O! have you seen her at the kirk,
Her brow with meek devotion glowing?
Or got ae glance of her bright eye,
Frae 'neath her tresses dark and flowing?
Or heard her voice breathe out such words
As angels use—sweet, but not many?
And have ye dream'd of aught sinsyne,
Save her, my fair, my lovely Jeanie?

THE LORD'S MARIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
  Up wi' a golden kame,
An' she has put on her net-silk hose,
  An' awa to the tryste has gane.
O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,
  An' saft, saft on her brow;
Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberrie lip,
  An' I kiss'd it off, I trow!

O whare-gat ye that leal maiden,
  Sae jimpy laced an' sma'?
O whare gat ye that young damsel,
  Wha dings our lasses a'?
O whare gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
  Wi' heaven in her e'e?
Here's ae drap o' the damask wine;—
  Sweet maiden, will ye pree?

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,
  Twist wi' the satin twine,
But ruddie, ruddie grew her throat,
  While she supp'd the blude-red wine.
Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,
  Who wears the golden kame;

This night will many drink thy health,
An ken na wha to name.

Play me up " Sweet Marie," I cry'd,
An' loud the piper blew,—
But the fiddler play'd ay *struntum strum*,
An' down his bow he threw:
Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie red wine,
Fair dame o' the stranger land!
For never a pair o' een before
Could mar my gude bow-hand.

Her lips were a cloven honey-cherrie,
Sae tempting to the sight;
Her locks owre alabaster brows
Fell like the morning light.
An' O! her honey breath lift her locks,
As through the dance she flew,
While love laugh'd in her bonny blue ee,
An' dwelt on her comely mou'.

Loose hings yere broider'd gold garter,
Fair ladie, dare I speak?
She, trembling, lift her silky hand
To her red, red flushing cheek.
Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapped yere broach o' gold,
Thou lord's daughter sae gay!
The tears o'erbrimm'd her bonnie blue ee,—
O come, O come away!

O maid, unbar the silver bolt,
To my chamber let me win;
An' take this kiss, thou peasant youth,
I daur na let ye in;
An' take, quo' she, this kame o' gold,
Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,
For meikle my heart forebodes to me
I never maun meet ye mair!

SONG OF SNORRO.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come, haste from the mountain;
Come, leap like the roe;
Like the sea-eagle, come;
Or the shaft from the bow:
Cast away the wet oar,
And the gleaming harpoon;
Leave the love-tale half told,
And the sweet harp in tune;
Leave the broad banner flying
Upon the rough flood;
Leave the ships' decks unswept
From the Orkney-men's blood.

And why should we leave thus
The whale when he's dying,
Our ships' decks unswept,
And our broad banners flying?
And why leave our loves
With their white bosoms swelling,
When their breath lifts their locks
While the soft tale we're telling?
The cloud when it snows,
And the storm in its glory,
Shall cease ere we stay,
Ancient bard, for thy story.

Bow all your heads, dames,
Let your bright eyes drop sorrow;
Hoar heads, stoop in dust,
Said the sweet voice of Snorro.
Fear not for the Norsemen,
The brand and the spear;
The sharp shaft and war-axe
Have sober'd their cheer:
But dread that mute sea,
With its mild waters leaping;
Dread Hecla's green hill
In the setting sun sleeping.

It was seen in no vision,
Reveal'd in no dream,
For I heard a voice crying
From Tingalla's stream—

Green Hecla shall pour
  Its red fires through Oddo,
And its columns of flame
  Through the Temple of Lodo.
Where the high land shall sink,
  Lo, the deep sea shall follow,
And the whale shall spout blood
  Between Scalholt and Hola.

The bard wept—in his palms
  His sad face he conceal'd;
And a wild wind awaken'd,
  The huge mountain reel'd;
Beneath came a shudder,
  Above a loud rattle,
Earth moved to and fro
  Like a banner in battle;
The great deep raised its voice,
  And its dark flood flow'd higher,
And far flash'd ashore
  The foam mingled with fire.

O spare sunny Scalholt,
  And crystal Tingalla!
O spare merry Oddo,
  And pleasant old Hola!
The bard said no more,
  For the deep sea came dashing;
The green hill was cleft,
  And its fires came flashing.

But matron and maiden
Shall long look, in sorrow,
To dread Hecla, and sing thus
The sad song of Snorro.

THE LASS OF DELORAINE.

JAMES HOGG.

Still must my pipe lie idly by,
And worldly cares my mind annoy?
Again its softest notes I'll try,
So dear a theme can never cloy.
Last time my mountain harp I strung,
'Twas she inspired the simple strain—
That lovely flower so sweet and young,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs
Around her ruddy lips that blow,
The flower that in her bosom dies,
Or grass that bends beneath her toe!
Her cheeks endowed with powers at will,
The roses' richest shade to drain;
Her eyes what soft enchantments fill,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

Let Athole boast her birchen bowers,
And Lomond of her isles so green,
And Windermere her woodland shores,
Our Ettrick boasts a sweeter scene.
For there the evening twilight swells
Wi' many a wild and melting strain;
And there the pride of beauty dwells,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

If heaven shall keep her ay as good
And bonnie as she wont to be,
The world may into Ettrick crowd,
And nature's first perfection see.
Glencoe has drawn the wanderer's eye,
And Staffa on the western main;
These natural wonders ne'er can vie
Wi' the bonnie lass of Deloraine.

May health still bless her beauteous face,
And round her brow may honour twine,
And heaven preserve that breast in peace,
Where meekness, love, and duty join!
But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
And all her griefs shall give me pain;
For never from my soul shall part
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

BRIGNAL BANKS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turret high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—
O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as queen of May.
Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green:
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's green wood.
A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light:
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.
Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May!

With burnish'd brand and musquetoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.
I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O though Brignal banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay;
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my queen of May!

Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!

And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

WALTER LAIDLAW.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in,
And left her auld master, and neibours sae dear.
For Lucy had serv'd i' the glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the flow'r bloom'd on the pea;
An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her ee.

She gaed by the stable, whare Jamie was stannin',
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
Fare ye weel, Lucy! quo' Jamie, and ran in.——
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
Fare ye weel, Lucy! was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

O what is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tear come sae fast to my ee?
If I was nae ettled to be onie better,
Then what gars me wish onie better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither nor frien' the poor lammie can see;
I fear I hae left my bit heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me:
Yestreen when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Tho' now he said naething, but Fare ye weel, Lucy!
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He could na say mair, but just Fare ye weel, Lucy!
Yet that I will mind to the day that I die.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake, and the braird on the lee;
But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit;
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

DONALD CAIRD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Hieland fling;
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind:
Hoop a leglen, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man:—
Tell the news in burgh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;
Leister's kipper makes a shift
To shoot a moor-fowl in the drift:
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;—
Not for bountith or reward,
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker:

When he's fou, he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle o' the causey;
Highland chief and Lowland laird
Maun gie room to Donald Caird.

Steek the aumrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things,
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings:
Dunts of kebbuck, taits of woo,
Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow;
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn:
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie.
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Ye mariners of England!
Who guard our native seas;
Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow;
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow:
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determin'd hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like Leviathans, afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.

Hearts of oak! our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,—
Then cease—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
Ye are brothers! Ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people, wildly rose,

As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright,
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant, good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

DE BRUCE, DE BRUCE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—with that proud call
Thy glens, green Galloway,
Grow bright with helm, and axe, and glaive,
And plumes in close array:
The English shafts are loosed, and see
They fall like winter sleet;
The southern nobles urge their steeds,
Earth shudders 'neath their feet—
Flow gently on, thou gentle Orr,
Down to old Solway's flood,—
The ruddy tide that stains thy stream
Is England's richest blood.

Flow gently onwards, gentle Orr,
Along thy greenwood banks
King Robert raised his martial cry,
And broke the English ranks;
Black Douglas smiled and wiped his blade,
He and the gallant Graeme;
And, as the lightning from the cloud,
Here fiery Randolph came;
And stubborn Maxwell too was here,
Who spared nor strength nor steel,
With him who won the winged spur
Which gleams on Johnstone's heel.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—yon silver star,
Fair Alice, it shines sweet—
The lonely Orr, the good greenwood,
The sod aneath our feet,
Yon pasture mountain green and large,
The sea that sweeps its foot—
Shall die—shall dry—shall cease to be,
And earth and air be mute;
The sage's word, the poet's song,
And woman's love, shall be
Things charming none,—when Scotland's heart
Warms not with naming thee.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—on Dee's wild banks,
And on Orr's silver side,
Far other sounds are echoing now
Than war-shouts answering wide:
The reaper's horn rings merrily now;
Beneath the golden grain
The sickle shines, and maiden's songs
Glad all the glens again.
But minstrel-mirth, and homely joy,
And heavenly libertie—
De Bruce! De Bruce!—we owe them all
To thy good sword and thee.

Lord of the mighty heart and mind,
And theme of many a song!
Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful,
I see thee bound along,—

Thy helmet plume is seen afar,
That never bore a stain,
Thy mighty sword is flashing high,
Which never fell in vain.
Shout, Scotland, shout—'till Carlisle wall
Gives back the sound agen,—
De Bruce! De Bruce!—less than a god,
But noblest of all men!

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Gone were but the winter cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow.

Cold's the snow at my head,
And cold at my feet;
And the finger of death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,
Or my mother so dear,—
I'll meet them both in heaven
At the spring of the year.

Conclusion.

The spell which bound me to the subject of Scottish Song has begun to dissolve; and as I cannot expect my pages to hold the same charm over my readers as they have done over me, it is time, and more than time, to conclude. It is not, however, from want of materials that I close the leaf of my labours: good songs are still abundant, and lyric fragments of great beauty are yet plentiful enough for those who have skill and leisure to render them worthy of public acceptance. But I feel, and perhaps ought sooner to have felt, that success, uncertain in any mental labour, is still more unsure in a work requiring much general knowledge and Scottish lore, more leisure than I can command, more patience than I possess, more sagacity in critical emendation than I dare lay claim to, and a happy skill and lucky nicety in language and poetry which few possess, and to which I cannot pretend. Scotland is fruitful at present in men with learning, and leisure, and genius for such a task: to their nod the spell-bound doors of noble libraries would have flown open, and to their wish all the oral lyric riches of Scotland would have been gathered to-

gether as rapidly as the wizard in the wild tale charmed the gold and pearls out of the mud of the Solway for a bridal gift. I had no such aid; and the shame of ill success will be the less, since I have neither enjoyed nor abused any man's liberality.

My original wish has been but imperfectly fulfilled—to select all the best of the national songs of Scotland: to amend, eke out, renovate, purify, and illustrate them with characteristic notices, has indeed been attempted; but my faith is weak in the worthiness of my own labours—the execution is unequal to my conception and my wishes. As I am not uncónscious of the imperfections of the work, neither am I insensible to its proper merits. There are many fine songs scattered about these volumes which can be found nowhere else in the same perfect state; many old verses of pathos or of mirth, which have found suitable companions; and many matters, critical and traditional, unknown to any other collection.

No country has so many lyrical publications as Scotland, yet few of them are excellent or complete. It is no easy task to assign to each their own peculiar merit. Five Collections seem to deserve the particular attention of all who wish to acquire an intimate knowledge of national song—those of Allan Ramsay, David Herd, James Johnson, George Thomson, and James Hogg.

The Tea Table Miscellany is the first great sanctuary in which Scottish Song found refuge. The poet forsook for a time the pleasures of original composition for the painful and inglorious task of collecting, collating, and

editing the songs which embodied the mirth or the sorrow of our ancestors. He was first in the field, and had the harvest to himself. That he left rich gleanings succeeding works sufficiently testify; but that he ignorantly or wantonly destroyed or defaced what he deemed unworthy of his sickle, remains, and will remain, matter of mere conjecture. His collection is valuable and popular.

To David Herd we are indebted for our knowledge of many genuine native verses. The rough, the polished, the rude, the courtly, the pure, the gross, the imperfect, and the complete, were all welcome to honest and indiscriminating David—he loved them all, and he published them all. He seemed to have an art of his own in finding curious old songs: he was not a poet, and could not create them; he was no wizard, and could not evoke them from the dust; yet he had the good fortune to find them, and the courage to publish them without mitigation or abatement. Whatever contained a vivid picture of old manners, whatever presented a lively image of other days, and whatever atoned for its freedom by its humour, or for its indelicacy by its well flavoured wit, was dear to the good old Scotchman.

James Johnson followed Herd, and availing himself of the treasures of his predecessors, and of the genius and activity of Burns, he produced a work worthy of Scotland for music and for poetry. I know of no work more thickly bestrewn with the jewels which sparkled on the tiara of the olden Muse. The Museum, indeed, is rather a rich heap than a well arranged collection,

where all the crums and fragments are framed and mounted and labelled—a heap where the rubbish is outweighed by pure gold, by native pearls, and by precious stones. It is quite impossible to imagine what sort of person the Editor was. He seems to have obeyed a devout impulse in one page, and submitted to a wilder feeling in the next: one day he admitted nought but what was harmless, and holy, and dull; next morning all his scruples vanished, and the Muse, with her zone unloosed, and her garments disordered, was welcomed with her free and indecorous strains. The pen of Burns is every where visible after the first volume; and many of his cleverest songs and happiest snatches of verse adorn the pages. He died before the work was completed: and the Editor, from ignorance or design, added the name of Burns to most of his communications, though many of them were avowedly old or amended songs. An illustrated edition of the Musical Museum has been long promised by Mr. Blackwood, the bookseller, which, from the known skill and research of Mr. Stenhouse, the Editor, is expected to throw much light on our national music and poetry.

The Select Scottish Melodies of George Thomson is a work of great external beauty, and what is far better, of greater internal delicacy, elegance, and genius. The Scottish Muse was in her happiest and sedatest mood when she taxed her powers to adorn his pages: her mirth is modest, and her humour discreet. Burns contributed largely, and laid an obligation upon himself to sing only in his hours of highest inspiration; and such


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